

THE AURORA.

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HOME SCENES.

BY E. M. E.

A certain married gentleman of our acquaintance, has suggested, that in giving so much prominence to the influence of mothers, in the formation of the characters of children, we are doing injustice to the fathers, we are ignoring their influence altogether, and treating them as if they were mere ciphers in the family circle. We always imagine ourselves talking to ladies when writing for the Aurora, and had not supposed it would be expected of us to treat particularly of the duties and responsibilities of the other sex, but since we find that gentlemen do look into our magazine, we will, for the special benefit of this aggrieved individual, and others who may entertain similar sentiments, endeavor "to define the position" of fathers, and point out the "proper sphere" of *man* in the domestic economy.

In every well regulated family, the husband and father is the acknowledged head. The supreme authority is vested in him. It is also true, that nature and revelation, as well as the customs of society, enjoin it upon him to procure for his family the means of support. This ordinarily requires application to business, which absorbs his attention during the greater part of his waking hours. He is only occasionally with his children, and if it is understood in the family that no hand save his, is strong enough to wield the reins of government, the children must be left without control during the greater part of those years, in which proper discipline is most essential. But the mother makes, or should make it the leading business of her life, to look after the children while they are young enough to need her special care, and by the time this period is passed, their destiny for weal or woe, is, in most cases, unalterably fixed. Hence, fathers can generally do more for their children, by sustaining the authority of the mother, than by the direct exercise of their own. The mother moulds the child, but in doing this she needs all the support and encouragement which the respect, the affec-

tion, the confidence, and the *frequently expressed* approbation of the husband and father can afford her.

There is Mr. B., and you may find his counterpart in almost any neighborhood, who reserves all his smiles and courteous expressions for out-door acquaintances or chance visitors. To see him in the street, with a bow for this one, a smile for that, and a pleasant word for the other, you would take him to be a most agreeable gentleman. But no sooner does he cross his own threshold, than every trace of sunshine vanishes from his face, unless, indeed, company chance to be present. No smiles, or pleasant words for those around his own fireside. The merry voice of childhood is hushed at his approach. A cloud is on his brow, and a snarl upon his lips. He finds fault with his wife in the presence of his children; questions her judgment, and treats her opinions with contempt. Now, how can she, under such circumstances, acquire that ascendancy over the minds of her children, which is essential to the proper discharge of her duties as a mother.

She desires to be a good and faithful mother, but she is one of those sensitive beings, who cannot bear a word of unkindness from one she loves, without intense suffering. She chokes back her sobs and tears, and struggles to conceal her emotions, while her husband is present, for past experience has taught her, that every expression of wounded feeling on her part, would only subject her to renewed insult and reproach. But no sooner has he gone, than the pent up tide of feeling bursts forth, and she weeps in bitterness of spirit over her blighted hopes and crushed affections. Then with aching head and heavy heart, she moves around among her family, but O! how miserably is she fitted to exercise that vigilant watch-care over the minds, hearts, and habits of her children, which their best interests imperatively demand. The chil-

dren accustomed to hear their mother's judgment called in question by their father are encouraged to disregard it, whenever it happens to cross their own inclinations. They soon learn to imitate his disrespectful tone and manner, and the crushed heart of the mother is powerless to contend against the strong wills of the children, while the influence of the father is all against her. It is next to impossible for any woman to be a good mother unless she is also a beloved, respected, and happy wife. Would that every such man as Mr. B. had a Mrs. Xantippe Socrates for a companion. The brute who would trample a woman in the dust, deserves to have his heels stung at least.

A very different man is Mr. C. Would there were enough like him to furnish husbands for every really good woman in the land. While he is kind and courteous to all, he feels under special obligations to seek the happiness of those whom Providence has made dependent on him, by placing them directly under his protection. As he approaches his own home, after the business of the day has closed, he makes an effort to chase away every cloud from his spirits, that he may bring nought but sunshine into the hallowed scene within. His most cheerful smiles, and most pleasant words are reserved for his own family circle. Every little agreeable incident of the day is garnered up, to be related in his pleasant style, and everything calculated to grate harshly on the feelings, is suppressed, unless there is some necessity for recurring to it. He always interests himself in whatever may have occupied the attention of his loved ones, during his absence, and never fails to find something to commend.

Warm hearts beat quicker, and bright eyes grow brighter at his approach.—All expect an increase of happiness from his presence, and they are never disappointed. Mr. C. is, of course, too sensi-

ble a man to believe his wife infallible, but no word of his, ever uttered in their presence, could lead his children to suppose that he entertained a doubt in regard to the infallibility of her judgment. He always sustains her authority, and expresses his approbation of her course, wherever he can do so, but if, at any time, he is compelled to differ with her in judgment, that difference is never hinted at in the presence of the children. The subject is discussed and settled while the parents are alone. These private discussions are carried on in gentle tones, and with the utmost kindness, and if the wife can show her husband that her view is the correct one, he admits it frankly and freely, nor does he for a moment suppose that his dignity is compromised by so doing. But if she fails to do this, she yields the point at once, whether she is convinced or not, believing, that in his official relation, as head of the family, the right of ultimate decision rests with him; and acquiescing gracefully in his decision, she labors as assiduously to carry out his views as if they were her own. In the view of their children, their sentiments and authority are harmoniously blended into one indivisible unit.

A friend who was visiting in this family related the following incident:

"One day, as Mr. C. entered his house, he stopped to caress an engaging little girl who stood pensively apart from the happy group. As he stooped to kiss her, she buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter Jane? Why do you not like that I should kiss you?"

"I have disobeyed my mother," sobbed the heart-broken little girl, "and I was sure you would not kiss me if you knew that." The heart of the father was touched, he could have clasped the ingenuous little penitent in his arms, but he prudently forbore,

and assuming a grave expression of countenance, he turned from her, saying:

"I am very glad you told me of it Jane, for you could receive no pleasure from a mark of affection, which you know you do not deserve."

It is needless to say, that the children in this family are well governed, that they will go out into the world possessing all the advantages which correct family discipline can confer. The influences and recollections of a happy child-hood's home, which they will carry through life, will be to them a richer inheritance than heaps of treasured gold. It would be difficult to decide, to which parent they are most indebted. The father's influence over them has been to a great extent indirect, and exerted through the mother as a medium, but it is none the less valuable on that account. She has leaned confidently upon his arm, and been supported by his strength, while she has led her children in the way they should go.

Our conclusion is that it is a man's duty in the first place, to get a wife whom he can both love and respect, and whom he believes, with good reason, to be capable of managing a family. After this, his principal "mission" at home, is to make the mother of his children happy, and sustain and encourage her in the faithful discharge of maternal duties. Let those who are so unfortunate as to have wives in whose ability to manage judiciously, they cannot feel confidence, strive to make up their deficiencies as best they may, but always in such a manner, as will secure from the children the greatest amount of respect for their mother.

NOTHING casts a denser cloud over the mind than discontent, rendering it more occupied about the evil that disquiets it than the means of removing it.

For the Aurora.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

MRS. MARIA ARMSTRONG.

I have long since been impressed with the idea that there is an error in our system of female education. Our sons are kept at college until they arrive at mature age, and are capable of reasoning and investigating like men. While our daughters are *hurried through* and permitted to graduate at a very early age. Girls now-a-days seem to be brought up with the impression, that the first object of their education is, to prepare them for fashionable life. And a diploma is an introduction upon the carpet as a candidate for matrimony. The young lady having now *completed* her education has nothing to do, but to dress, visit, attend parties, and receive attention from gentlemen. Perhaps she may read a few pages from some of the most celebrated English and American poets, or a few of the latest novels, in order that she may have something to talk about, besides the weather, and the common town gossip. The whole object of her life now seems to be, to invent ways and means to throw her charms around some object which she has painted in her imagination, but which does not exist in real life.

The idea of living an old maid is horrible. She imagines that if she does not become Mrs. A. or Mrs. B. before she passes the age of *twenty*, she is *ruined*! She does not seem to think there is any necessary effort, on her part, to prepare her for such an important station in life. Alas! how many gay and thoughtless young girls enter the holy estate of matrimony, without ever realizing the importance of the step they are taking. And when the great responsibilities of wife and mother, come up before them in real life, they feel that there is a secret in human life they never

learned. They have never learned to be useful. This is an important point in education, and every parent and teacher should endeavor to impress it deeply upon the minds of those under their charge. Young ladies, God never created you to be like the gay butterfly, flitting around in gorgeous colors without having anything to do, or any important purpose to live for. Your Creator has endowed you with faculties which are susceptible of improvement, and which, if properly cultivated will render you useful to yourselves, as well as to others. As the mind matures, it strengthens and expands by cultivation; and if we wish to acquire a healthy action of the mind we must cultivate industrious habits. Be always employed in some way, if not mentally, physically. Bodily exercise is essentially necessary to keep up a healthy action of the mental faculties. If we wish to be useful, we must be industrious. Many of our ladies who have been reared in affluence, and have always been accustomed to having servants to wait upon them, seem not to know the importance of industry. The consequence is, that many of our fair daughters, who might become brilliant stars in our literary world, and who might have rosey cheeks and bright eyes, become pale, dull and languid, for the want of that action and energy which God designed they should exercise, to invigorate and perpetuate mental and physical strength. "If we neglect to use the means necessary for mental improvement, and thereby entail upon our minds a state of ignorance, or mental darkness, we can but reasonably expect that disappointment and remorse will be our unhappy lot, during a life of toil and self-reproach. In youth, rich in the opportunities for mental application, but if these opportunities pass unheeded, the poverty of the mind in mature age, will, from the reflection, add only vexation and sorrow to its destitution, and then our

exit to the next, a world of wisdom, can only tell of sadness at the thought of having misimproved the golden opportunity.

Nothing can be more essential in the formation of female character than a well cultivated intellect? It may be compared to a jewel which lies buried in the rubbish. Its value is not known. We may talk of sparkling eyes, of rosey cheeks, ruby lips, and well regulated features, and of a form of perfect symmetry, but what are all of these when compared with the beauties of the mind? The sparkling eye may lose its lustre, the cheek, like its emblem, the rose, may fade and wither; the form may become emaciated, but mind, immortal mind, if properly cultivated, will strengthen and shine brighter and brighter. Yes, when youth has lost its vigor, and old age is beginning to plow deep furrows in the cheek, even then, the mind may still be cultivated. And it will continue to expand, and develop its beauties and its powers.

For the Aurora.

Away down, deep in the depths of the sea,
Deeper down than I'd like to be;
Where wild weeds float 'neath the water's
surge;

And corallines build as they chant their dirge,
Build ever their stately, crimson halls,
Where never a merry footstep falls;
And no sound is heard in its humid air,
Save the pensive song of the mermaid fair,
As she twines in the sailor-boys golden curls,
With icy fingers, her snowy pearls;—
And the ceaseless roar of old ocean's waves,
As they roll and dash in their rocky caves.

Away down, deep in the depths of the sea
There once lived an oyster, fancy free.

His was no tiny, toy-like shell,
Wherein it was a pain to dwell,
But a matchless mansion, large and fair,
Lighted with raindrops, rich and rare.
And myriads of mermaids with scaly trains,

Came flocking from over old Neptune's domains
Came smiling, and singing, and waving their
hair,

And trying to chain down the oyster's heart
there. —

But they knocked at his portal, and called him
in vain.

They were heeded no more than the pattering
rain;

And sadly they hied to their coral home,
And, since from it never were known to roam.

The oyster, alive to the world's deceit,

And fearing another visiting treat,

Invited his cousin, the wary crab,

To sit on his door-step, a pearly slab,

And watch for their coming, that he might
close

His heavy portals against his foes.

And, ever since, has the oyster shell

Been closed 'gainst fishes and men, as well;

And even now it is hard to invade,

The firm stronghold that the oyster has made.

M. M.

UNSUCCESSFUL IN THIS LIFE.

There is truth beautifully expressed, and words of cheer for multitudes, in the sentiment accredited to George S. Hilliard:

"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes rises from superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say, with a living poet, that the "world knows nothing of its greatest men," but there are forms of greatness, or at least excellence, that die and make no sign; there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; there are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

COWPER AND "JOHN GILPIN."

"John Gilpin" is a history, a truly "diverting history." And "John Gilpin" *has* a history, a literary history. This also is amusing; and not only amusing, but instructive.—It is to be traced for the most part in Cowper's own letters. It is the object of this article to compile that history. It is drawn from Grimshawe's Life and Works of Cowper.

"John Gilpin" was written in the year 1782. "It happened one afternoon," says Grimshawe, "in those years when his [Cowper's] accomplished friend, Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increasing dejection. She told him the story of John Gilpin, to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him awake during the greatest part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad. So arose the poem of John Gilpin. It was eagerly copied; and, finding its way rapidly to the newspapers, it was seized by the lively spirit of Henderson, the comedian, a man of infinite jest and most excellent fancy. By him it was selected as a proper subject for the display of his own comic powers, and by reciting it in his public readings, he gave uncommon celebrity to the ballad before the public suspected to what poet they were indebted for the sudden burst of ludicrous amusement. Many readers were astonished when the poem made its first authentic appearance in the second volume of Cowper."

The poet, in a letter to his friend, the Rev. Wm. Unwin, dated Nov. 4, 1782, permits "John" to appear in print. "You tell me," he says, "that John Gilpin made you laugh tears." And again, "As to the famous horseman above mentioned, he and his feats are an inexhaustible source of merriment. At least we find him so, and seldom meet without refreshing ourselves with the recollection of them. You are perfectly at liberty to deal with them as you please. *Auctore tantum anonymo, imprimanter*; and when printed send me a copy."

"John" is printed, on which occasion, in a farther letter to his friend Unwin, dated Nov. 18, 1782, the poet is led to the following remarks:

"I little thought when I was writing the history of John Gilpin, that he would appear in print. I intended to laugh, and to make two or three others laugh, of whom you were one. But now all the world laugh, at least if they have the same relish for a tale ridiculous in itself, and quaintly told, as we have. Well, they do not always laugh so innocently, and at so small an expense; for in a world like this, abounding with subjects for satire, and with satirical wits to mark them, a laugh that hurts nobody has at least the grace of novelty to recommend it. Swift's darling motto was, *Vive la bagatelle!* *La bagatelle* has no enemy in me, though it has neither so warm a friend, nor so able a one as it had in him. If I trifle, and merely trifle, it is because I am reduced to it by necessity. A melancholy that nothing else so effectually disperses, engages me sometimes in the arduous task of being merry by force. And, strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood; and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written at all."

It is resolved that "John" shall not appear with the poet's acknowledged works. This conclusion he announces to his friend Unwin, in a letter dated May 8, 1784, accompanying the announcement with a statement of reasons. "I take it for granted," he says, "that he [John] will not bring up the rear of my poems, according to my first intention, and shall not be sorry for the omission. It may spring from a principle of pride; but spring from what it may, I feel and have long felt a disinclination to a public avowal that he is mine; and since he became so popular, I have felt it more than ever. A fear has suggested itself to me, that I might expose myself to a charge of vanity by admitting him into my book, and that some people would impute it to me as a crime. Add to this that when, on correcting the latter part of the fifth book of 'The Task,' I came to consider the solemnity and sacred nature of the subjects there handled, it seemed to me an incongruity to follow up such premises with such a conclusion. I am well content, therefore, with having laughed and made others laugh; and will build my hopes of success as a poet upon more important matter."

"John," nevertheless, is destined to come out with "The Task." Nov. 1, 1784, there occurs this sentence in a letter from the poet to Mr. Unwin: "I am not sorry that John Gilpin.

though he has hitherto been nobody's child, is likely to be owned at last."

Still the good man seems somewhat ashamed of his progeny; although, on farther reflection he begins to think that "John" may not be without his uses. April 22, 1785, he thus writes to John Newton: "When I received your account of the great celebrity of John Gilpin, I felt both flattered and grieved. Being a man, and having in my composition all the ingredients of which other men are made, and vanity among the rest, it pleased me to reflect that I was on a sudden become so famous and that all the world was busy inquiring after me. But the next moment, recollecting my former self, and that thirteen years ago, as harmless as John's history is, I should not then have written it, my spirits sank, and I was ashamed of my success. I have pardoned many things under the influence of despair, which hope would not have permitted to spring. But if the soil of that melancholy in which I have walked so long, has thrown up here and there an unprofitable fungus, it is well at least that it is not chargeable with having brought forth poison. Like you I see, or think I can see, that Gilpin may have his use. Causes, in appearance trivial, produce often the most beneficial consequences; and perhaps my volumes may now travel to a distance which, if they had not been ushered into the world by that notable horseman, they would never have reached. Our temper differs from that of the ancient Jews. They would neither dance nor weep. We indeed weep not if a man mourn unto us; but I must needs say that, if he pipe, we seem disposed to dance with the greatest alacrity." Then once again to his friend Unwin, on the 30th of the same month: "The great estimation in which this knight of the stone bottles is held, may turn out a circumstance propitious to the volume of which his history will make a part. Those events that prove the prelude to our greatest success, are often apparently trivial in themselves, and such as seemed to promise nothing. The disappointment that Horace mentions is reversed. We design a mug and it proves a hog's head."

One other extract will appropriately wind up this little history. Thus writes the poet to John Newton, Aug. 6, 1785: "I should blame nobody, not even my intimate friends, and those who have the most favorable opinion of me, were they to charge the publication of John Gilpin, at the end of so much solemn and

serious truth, to the score of the author's vanity; and to suspect that, however sober I may be upon proper occasions, I have yet that itch of popularity that would not suffer me to sink my title to a jest that had been so successful. But the case is not such. When I sent the copy of 'The Task' to Johnson, [his publisher] I desired indeed Mr. Unwin to ask him the question whether or not he would choose to make it a part of the volume? This I did merely with a view to promote the sale of it.—Johnson answered, 'By all means.' Some months afterwards he enclosed a note to me in one of my packets, in which he expressed a change of mind, alleging that to print John Gilpin would only be to print what had been hackneyed in every magazine, in every shop and at the corner of every street. I answered that I desired to be entirely governed by his opinion; and that if he choose to waive it, I should be better pleased with the omission.—Nothing more passed between us on the subject, and I concluded that I should never have the immortal honor of being generally known as the author of John Gilpin. In the last packet, however, down came John, very fairly printed and equipped for public appearance.—The business having taken this form, I concluded that Johnson had adopted my original thought, that it might prove advantageous to the sale; and as he had had the trouble and expense of printing it, I corrected the copy and let it pass."

So much for the literary history of "John Gilpin." It suggests these lessons, among others: 1. A man may set the whole world laughing, who bears in his bosom a heavy heart. Literature is full of instances to this effect. 2. That a good man, while he honors wit and its works, will reserve his highest regards for the products of sense, virtue and piety. Cowper, never ashamed of his more serious poetry, could hardly persuade himself to own John Gilpin. 3. That wit yet has its uses, and may be made to subserve the highest purposes. Gilpin, in fact, was a providence—a medicine to its author—the harbinger of his fame and usefulness. It is sad, indeed, that wit should be so often abused. Yet it springs from the bosom of God. It is found in the noblest natures among men. Its presence is distinctly traceable in Scripture. It takes a sacred form, and attains to its loftiest home in the heavenly world.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

For the Aurora.

WHO MADE GOD?

BY MRS. MARIA ARMSTRONG.

Who made God? says a little child
Who stands beside my knee;
With anxious eyes, and accents mild
She upward looks to see.—
As if *his* eyes could penetrate
Beyond the good and great.

My little boy you look too high,
Your eye can never see
Beyond the etherial sky,
A vast Eternity.
'Tis beyond the power of man,
God's origin to scan.

Mamma, you told me long ago
Who made this world so bright,—
Brother, sister, and all below;
The king of day, the queen of night
And glit'ring stars that shine so bright
To beautify the night.

The pretty little birds that fly
Around our happy home,
And sit upon the tree top high
And sing we come! we come!!
While the young birdie flaps its wing,
And chirps, and tries to sing.

But Ma! you have not told me yet,
All that I want to know,—
You seem always apt to forget
To tell me or to show
The answer in the holy book,
In which you often look.

My child, God is quite good and kind,
Such a good book to give,
That on its pages, we all may find
The way we ought to live;
But we can never understand,
The wonders of his hand.

Then never, never more pretend,

To look so far above
What human minds can comprehend.
To know that "God is love,"
And know that we his children are,
Should ever be our pray'r.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MISER; OR THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity."

My earliest recollections are those of poverty and sorrow. I saw my father wasting talents of the noblest order, in a constant struggle for a bare subsistence; and my mother, a gentle and delicate creature, who might have been the ornament of palaces, daily condemned to the merest drudgery of existence. The circumstances which led to such distress it is needless to recount. The childhood of my parents had been passed amid the most gorgeous scenes of wealth and luxury; but the birth of their only son found them "steeped in poverty to the very lips." Is it any wonder, then, that, to my infant mind, wealth should have seemed the greatest earthly good?

Children that are brought up in the midst of affluence, are like green house plants, they develop slowly, and require the constant care of the cultivator; but the children of the poor, reared amid privation and suffering, are like the hardy plants that find their nourishment in the crevices of the rock; they evolve rapidly, and perhaps partake too much of the nature of the undurated soil that fed them. I soon learned to look upon the world around me, with the eye of thought. He who is not too young to suffer, is old enough to reflect, and many a bitter hour have I spent in contrasting the degradation of my own lot with the splendor of others. The poor who have minds suited to their stations—they who have been poor from their earliest genera-

tion—are comparatively happy; their toil procures all that with them constitutes enjoyment; but, if there be an evil which exceeds all others in bitterness, it is poverty when it falls upon a refined and sensitive spirit.

My father died broken-hearted when I was about twelve years of age. A neighbouring lawyer, who accidentally became acquainted with our distress, took me into his house as a menial—yes—I do not hesitate to confess it. I was charitably allowed to brush his boots and make his fires, while my mother obtained a miserable pittance by doing coarse sewing for the shops. The two sons of my master were older than myself, but I was not long in discovering how inferior they were in intellect. My father had laboured diligently to cultivate my mind, and the facility with which I acquired knowledge, was a solace to his pride, even while it added new stings to his poverty.—I was, therefore, far more advanced in education than most boys of my age, and many a time, as I stood behind the chair of my young masters, obeying their capricious commands, have I been compelled to restrain the bitter sneer that rose to my lip, at their palpable ignorance. My boyish vanity soon induced me to make some display of my rare acquirements, and the consequence was, that I was often compelled to sit up half the night preparing the Latin exercises, for which my masters were to be applauded on the morrow. This was undoubtedly the worst thing that could have befallen me. Circumstances would otherwise have subdued my towering spirit, and reduced me to the level of my situation, but now a consciousness of my own superiority took entire possession of my mind. I felt that I was born for better things, and while I cherished a boyish contempt for my youthful tyrants, I felt an innate certainty that the time would come, when from a superior station in society, I should look up-

on them as my inferiors in rank as well as intellect.

Such a state of things was, however, too unnatural to last long. A blow given by one of my young tormentors, and returned by the proud menial, led to a discovery of the peculiar services which were required of me. Mr. M., who was really a generous and liberal minded man, after carefully ascertaining the extent of my acquirements, removed me from my servile station, to the equally laborious, but more honorable situation of clerk in his office. I received no salary, but when my master found that my services would enable him to dispense with one of his hired assistants, he offered to give me instruction in his profession as an equivalent, and his offer was gladly accepted. Behold me, then, at the age of fifteen, copying deeds in a lawyer's office, wearing my master's cast-off clothes, pursuing my studies at moments stolen from sleep, yet cherishing as lofty dreams of ambition, as if I had been heir to the proudest name and largest fortune in the kingdom. My ambition was not for fame; proud as I was of my mental superiority, I never desired to be distinguished for learning and talent—wealth was all I asked. My situation brought me into continual contact with wealth and rank, and little did the titled clients of my master think, that the poor clerk, who wrote out their cases, (often with a smile of contempt at their paltry subjects of litigation,) concealed beneath his shabby exterior, a spirit *destined, because determined, to rise*. "*Possunt quia posse videntur*" has ever been my motto. I believe that the mind of man, with its strangely complicated energies and lofty aspirations, is equal to any undertaking; and where the *will* is unfaltering, the power cannot be found wanting.

How vividly do I recollect all the occurrences of that period. Youth is generally a season of enjoyment; and, therefore, it is

that, when we look back to it in later years we can scarcely ever recall its details. We remember some events, perhaps, but how few are they in comparison with those we have forgotten. We recur to the season of youth with a feeling of vague and indistinct pleasure, for the footprints of joy leave too slight an impression upon the sandy desert of our hearts, not to be easily effaced by the next whirlwind of emotion. But when our early life has been unhappy, it is very different. When we grow up amid privation and suffering—when our souls are consumed by the fire of secret discontent even from our childhood—when we are daily compelled to endure the “proud one’s contumely,” and to have our best feelings trampled on by those, who, born without hearts themselves, can never learn that others may be less fortunate—when such have been the events that measured out our youth, we never forget them.

It happened one day that Mr. M. was unavoidably absent from the office, and several gentlemen were awaiting his return; so that in addition to the half dozen clerks usually found there, the apartment was occupied by a number of his clients. Among others I observed the Hon. George Fitzroy, and easily perceived from his manner that he was exceedingly impatient of the delay. I was at that moment busily engaged in finishing the papers which I knew he came to obtain. Wishing to spare him some unnecessary detention, I approached him, and in a low voice, said, “We have almost finished your papers, Sir, and if you will have the goodness to send in half an hour they will be ready.” Eyeing me with a look of ineffable scorn, and raising his voice so as to be heard by every person in the room, he exclaimed, “*We*, Sir! *We*!—pray, who are *we*? my business is with Mr. M., not with a *hireling*” Maddened with passion my first impulse was to fell him to the earth, but my upraised arm was caught

by a fellow clerk. The violence of my emotion was too great even for my robust frame; the blood gushed in a torrent from my mouth and I fell senseless at the feet of my insulter. I had broken one of the minor blood vessels, and for many weeks was unable to quit my room; but even there—in the solitude of a sick chamber—with death watching beside me—I vowed to be revenged. I never stretched out my hand to injure the scorner, yet my vow was gloriously fulfilled. Time, that slow but sure avenger, brought an opportunity that the utmost refinement of hatred could scarcely have anticipated. Fifteen years afterwards, when I was presiding with almost unlimited authority over one of the richest provinces in British India, the Hon G. Fitzroy, beggared by his extravagance, and an outcast from his family, was occupying the humble station of my *under secretary*! Yes—I saved him from starving, and, until the day of his death, the proud fool received the wages of servitude from the hands of the lawyer’s hireling.

Such were the insults and mortifications that goaded me almost to madness, and would have crushed me into an untimely grave, had I not been supported by the hope that my hour of triumph would come.—That hour *did* come. I have lived to trample upon those who would have trodden me under foot—aye—and to be crushed too, even in the moment of success by a blow as unexpected as it was inevitable.

I was twenty-one years of age when an office of considerable trust and profit under the government was bestowed upon my master. One of his sons was at first employed as his secretary, but it was soon discovered that young M. could only be saved from an ignominious dismissal by substituting me in his place. The appointment was accordingly transferred to me with a salary of three hundred pounds a year.—Could the newly-fledged butterfly, as he

lifts himself upon his golden wings far above the earth on which he so lately crawled, be endowed with human feelings, methinks he would feel as I did then. For the first time I was independent—nay more—I was rich—richer with that poor three hundred a year, than I have since been with an income of fifty thousand. Every thing, even our own emotions must be appreciated by comparison, and certainly the man who, for the first time in his life, receives the means of a comfortable livelihood as the fruits of his own industry, is happier than he will ever be again, though he should in after life become the possessor of millions.

I was now enabled to rescue my mother from a life of toil, and never shall I forget the exquisite sensations which thrilled my heart, when I brought her from the miserable lodgings where she had wasted the best years of her life, to the plain, but comfortable abode which we were now to occupy together. From my infancy I had been accustomed to consider wealth the source of happiness, and now the *one* favour, which I had received from the hands of fortune, had been the means of procuring me the sweetest pleasure which the heart of man is capable of enjoying. Is it any wonder, then, that I still determined to pursue the career of wealth? Every thing served to keep alive the love of gold in my heart. My new situation threw me constantly in the way of that peculiar class of men, whose every look is indicative of moneyed importance—whose very complexion seems saturated with gold dust—I mean the East India merchants. I soon learned that the shortest possible road to wealth was to be found in India, and there I determined to seek it.

All my leisure time was now devoted to the study of the various Indian dialects.—An old merchant who had resided many years in the country, offered to assist me,

and no doubt was as much gratified to find a ready listener to his marvellous tales, as I was to obtain a capable guide in the new path which seemed opening before me. He was a man of very singular character.—Possessing a mind of wonderful energy, he would have distinguished himself in any profession to which he had applied himself, but he had been early devoted to a business life, and, repugnant as it was to his elegant taste, he soon learned to adapt himself to circumstances, and forgot that he had ever had a wish beyond his counting-room. It happened with him, as it doubtless does with many others: compelled to sacrifice his first hopes, he devoted all his energies to the work that he was called to perform, and as a man of ardent temperament can never be *mediocre* in any thing, he soon became as eager in the pursuit of wealth, as he might otherwise have been in the acquisition of fame. He was now an old man and money was every thing to him. To pile guinea upon guinea was his only pleasure, and no sooner did he learn the similarity of my feelings, than I became his chief favourite.

His house had, however, another attraction for me. His only surviving relative was an orphan niece, whom since his return from India, he had taken home as his adopted daughter. Young, beautiful, and artless as a child, Emily Halford appeared to me like a creature of another sphere. It is true I had scarcely looked upon a woman when I first beheld her, but even now, after the lapse of so many years, when so many visions of youth, and beauty, and mental loveliness, are bright in my recollection, there is still no form like hers. Mr. Halford early perceived my attachment. “You love my niece,” said he; “I am not surprised; she is a charming girl, and I would rather bestow her on a man like yourself, who, born poor, possesses the capacity of making a fortune, than on the heir of a

princely estate, if the follies and extravagances of modern education were a part of the inheritance. The husband of my niece will be the heir of my fortune, but not until he shall have merited it; my gold is the fruit of industry, and it shall never go to enrich the idle." Alive only to the consciousness that I was permitted to win the affections of Emily, I was utterly regardless of the old man's last words. Alas! I remembered them bitterly enough soon after.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

For the Aurora.

"ONE BY ONE."

BY S. T. M.

"One by one the sands are flowing,"

One by one the leaves do fall:

One by one we all are going,

Death is soon to grasp us all.

One by one the waves are rolling,

One by one the snow-drifts melt:

One by one the bells are tolling;

One by one life's cares are felt.

One by one we leave our foot-prints

As we tread the sands of time:

One by one the wise express hints

At the youthful's shame and crime.

One by one the clouds are passing,

One by one the rain-drops fall:

One by one the griefs distressing

Are felt in the hearts of all.

One by one our joys are fleeting;

One by one the flowers fade:

One by one heaven's sweet hopes greeting

Cheers us when we've fervent prayed.

One by one the stars are setting;

One by one youth's hopes decay:

One by one our vain regretting,

Hour by hour shall pass away.

One by one the sparks fly upward;

One by one are blessings given:

One by one we learn a hope-word

As we journey towards heaven.

One by one the days are passing,

Time is soon to be no more:

Oh! serve God by prayer and fasting,

Ere life's pilgrimage be o'er.

OCTOBER 26, 1857.

For the Aurora.

ARE WE JUST TO OUR DAUGHTERS?

[L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.]

Perhaps, in doubting that we are,—perhaps in even venturing upon the consideration of such a "home question," I shall be told that I am entering upon delicate ground. It is a question which comes home to the heart of every parent, and there are few, I am persuaded, who do not rather believe that they are *more* than "just" to their beloved daughters. The ever careful mother will no doubt regard me with an expression of astonishment, if I dare hint to her that I deplore her injustice to her children;—and the father "whose pride is oftenest centered on his daughter," will perhaps be inclined to doubt my sanity, if I venture to assure him that he is tender, generous, and indulgent, but far from being "*just*" to her. And here in the outset, I would have it distinctly understood that it is not over indulgence, injudicious generosity, or blind affection, that I desire to gain for our daughters, but—simple justice.

Though I may not, perhaps, be able to make my conclusions clear to your minds,—yet I have long been impressed with the conviction that, as a general thing, we make too great a distinction between the "training" of our daughters, and that of our sons. Some may argue that this is natural,—"*there is such a marked difference between boys and girls,*" is

the stereotyped expression. With all due deference to an "old superstition," (for such I regard this opinion,) there is not so much "difference" as one might at first imagine.—Physiologists tell us that previous to the age of puberty there is no very great dissimilarity of physical organism,—and neither, I am persuaded is there so great a "difference" in their mental and moral natures. I believe that there would be but little dissimilarity in their tastes if they were not educated from the cradle to be different,—for instance I think they would both enjoy the same playthings, if Mamma, or Papa, or Nurse were not continually chiming in with—"boys don't play with doll-babies,—boy's don't have needles,"—and "little ladies mus'nt have horses, or whips, or wheelbarrows." Boys, if left to themselves, (and I have watched them,) seem to me to take a great deal of interest in dolls, and I know that girls *do* love to run and jump, to ride horses, and wade in the "branch," and climb cherry-trees,—I know it by a free, wild, and happy experience.

Again, some may argue that a very different training is not only natural, but *necessary* to fit the sexes for their different "spheres" in life. From my point of view, however, a very different training seems not only unnecessary, but disadvantageous,—a violence, and a wrong, to the nature of both. The line of demarcation which separates the "spheres" of the sexes, does not appear to me so distinctly drawn, as some would have us suppose. To me their natures, their "missions," their destinies, are like the banded colors in the rainbow; there are portions which exhibit striking contrasts, it is true, as the blue and the red, but who can draw the line of demarcation between them or point out a barrier in that richest and softest violet, which is formed by the beautiful blending of both? So do I consider it impossible to define the "spheres" of the sexes,—there is between them a most beautiful blending, a melting of the one into the other, which defies the setting up of a bound-

dary, and which forms the richest, and loveliest portions of the characters of both.

In view, however, of those points of contrast which do exist like the positive colors in the rainbow,—I would not have the *entire* training of boys and girls to be similar, but I think only that the lines of demarcation are now too deeply drawn, and the barriers too persistently kept up. I will mention a few such instances—instances too in which I think it cannot but be acknowledged that we are extremely *unjust* to our daughters.

First then, the majority of parents, mothers especially seem to do all in their power to prevent their little girls from acquiring that physical development which is the only sure foundation of all beauty, education, or usefulness, because it is the only sure basis of life itself. Read the following description of the privileges which parents allow their sons, and ask yourselves, *why* are they not as just to their daughters?

"Watch a set of boys at play! See them run, jump, bound—straining nerve and muscle, bone and sinew—yet with heart and spirit all given to the work, with a perfect abandon! See the hat tossed out of the ring first, and the hair flung from the glowing brow! Then, away goes coat and vest—oft-times even boots and stockings—and, ere long, the whole nature is engrossed, body and spirit; and when the game is lost or won, there is not an atom of the whole being that has not been renovated. Their play-hour over, the student returns to his studies, refreshed, strengthened."

Is this the way *girls* are allowed to "play?" No, of course not,—but they *would* do so if allowed,—and once in a while we find one that does,—I've played in that way many a time, and oh! how heartily I enjoyed it too! But in general "girls" don't play that way, the "little ladies" *never*,—its only the "tomboys" that are willing for the sake of the pleasure to pay the penalty by finding themselves tabooed in all *genteel* society. Thank Heaven there are a few "tomboys" left yet! But I would like to know of parents

if it is *just* to give to their sons the opportunity of becoming healthful, strong, vigorous, energetic, and brave, and denying such opportunities to their daughters? Is it just in Mamma to furnish her little WILLIE with warm mittens, a "dreadnought," and thick boots, and allow him to slide on the snow-bank until he is as fresh as a June rose with glowing exercise, while poor darling little MAY must sit mewed up by the parlor fire, in worked linen pantalettes and paper-soled slippers, bending over her doll-rags? *She* can't go with brother of course,—she would freeze;—but why not supply her with warm hood, saque, &c., and thick boots, yes—boots, just like WILLIE's, (only smaller, because MAY is such a tiny-footed wee thing,) and let her go with brother? Your children would be prettier, healthier, happier, and better,—when grown they would be nobler, and wiser, more efficient, more beautiful, and more useful. Is it just to bring up our daughters as though they were to sit all their lives under a glass show-case, and then when they have entered upon the realities of life, turn upon them, and demand, with a scowl over their shortcomings, the payment of all woman's onerous responsibilities? But folios I fear could not exhaust my "righteous indignation" upon this subject, so only having hinted at it, I am forced to proceed.

Again, we are unjust to our daughters in regard to their intellectual education. It is too superficial—of too brief duration—and they are forced "through" the stereotyped "course" at too tender an age. Our mistaken system of mental culture is the "Dead Sea fruit" (containing only ashes and bitterness,) which is the direct product of that only aim in life which we have set before our daughters—to be married. I have elsewhere dwelt so largely upon our pseudo-system of female education, that I will not now repeat myself,—but I must say that it is owing to this false idea that it is the destiny, aim, purpose, and "chief end" of woman to be married, that we have nothing better, truer, or nobler to give her. And until

this idea is exploded, I shall despair of seeing any true reform taking place in our process of mental culture. I would not be understood here as speaking against the "peculiar institution" of marriage,—far from it,—but I do deplore that it is being made the end and aim of woman's life, insomuch as to lay her liable to ridicule, as well as to bring upon her a thousand other injustices. The popular quotation that "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart—'tis woman's whole existence," sounds exceedingly pretty and sentimental, and all that, but Byron has said a great many things that are very beautiful, but deeply false, and this is one of them.

And this leads me to my third instance of injustice to our daughters: we wrong them in that we *compel them to marry*. Our sons marry or not as they please, whenever it suits their convenience, or whenever they can tease somebody into taking them "for better or for worse," and the parents say its all right, but they *must* "marry off" their daughters,—get rid of them, and speedily too, or they will be OLD MAIDS (!!!) and so disgraced forever! The love of the parent succumbs to public opinion, to tyrant custom, and for fear of the "world's dread laugh," they send forth their young daughters into the soul-mart to be sold to the first, or more probably the highest bidder.—Must not this be humiliating—galling—"bit-terer than rue?"

The remedy for this wrong lies in giving your daughter some other aim in life except marriage—so that this may become to her a matter of *will*, not of *necessity*. This very want of an aim or purpose in life, I put down as the fourth injustice to our daughters, of which we are guilty. Girls, as well as boys, ought to have something in view—something to stimulate them—something to bring out their energies. It is usual with parents to ask their sons, as soon as they are old enough to understand the question, "what do you intend to be?" The boy's inclinations are eagerly watched, his tastes ascertained, his abilities

weighed, in order that they may be better able to decide what shall be his future course.—When his career is settled, all his powers are concentrated, all his energies directed to the accomplishment of that one object, his life becomes earnest for he feels that he has a work to perform, he acquires a new dignity, for he is a person of some importance in the world—he has a purpose in life,—he is not a mere cipher. But what father among us, indulgent or loving as he may be, turns from his proud bold-eyed boy, and while perchance a tear-drop glistens in his eye, lays his hand so tenderly upon the broad white brow, and silken tresses of his darling girl, and asks with a strange tremor in his manly voice:—“And what is my heart’s child going to be?” If such a thought ever crosses his mind it usually amounts to nothing more than, “she will be a belle, and make a great match,”—“she has such a fine disposition and will be such a sweet wife,” or “she has strong principles and will make a model mother,” thus, in every instance, bringing up the one everlasting and apparently inevitable idea of marriage, as though no woman had ever lived or died *without* being married, or without even desiring to be. I cannot see why girls should be brought up in the idea that marriage is the “one thing needful,” the “*summum bonum*,” the “nothing more beyond.” I wish that they would begin to think otherwise. I hope that they will soon send in a remonstrance that they will protest against being called upon to act and suffer as women when they have only been brought up as doll-babies; to speak, write and talk as though they were well educated when they are only “accomplished”—and to be nothing, do nothing, say nothing, and think nothing, except how, and when, and where, and to whom they are *to be married*. [Dear girls I could talk to you in reference to these things quite as long as I have been writing to your papa’s and mamma’s but I fear that our good guardian of the “Aurora,” kind Mrs. Eaton, is already saying: “Thus far and no farther,” so

in obedience to her mandate I throw aside my old steel-pen, with the hope of addressing you at some future day. Until then, *Adieu*.]

FORREST HOME, 1858.

FEMALE PIETY.

Can woman ever do too much to evince her gratitude to the cross of Christ? Look at her situation among the polished heathen. Trace the depths of her domestic depression, even in the proudest days of Greece and Rome. What has she been under the Moslem? Humbled by polygamy, entombed in the harem, denounced as soulless. Only under the Gospel dispensation, has she been counted an equal, the happy and cherished partaker of an immortal hope.

Even amid the brightness that beamed upon ancient Zion, her lot was in strong shadow. Now and then she appears with the timbrel of the prophetess, or as a beautiful gleaner in the fields of Boaz; or as a mother, giving the son of her prayers to the temple-service. But these are rather exceptions to a general rule, than proofs that she was an equal sharer in the blessings of the Jewish polity.

How afflicting is her lot among uncivilized nations, and throughout the realms of paganism! See the American Indian, binding the burden upon his weaker companion, and walking on pitiless, in his unembarrassed strength. See her among the Polynesian Islands, the slave of degraded men; or beneath an African sun, crouching, to receive on her the load which the camel should bear. See her in heathen India, cheered by no gleam of domestic affections, or household charities.

A gentleman, long resident in the east, mentions that among the pilgrims who throng to the temple of Juggernaut, was a Hindoo family, who had traveled two thousand miles on foot. They had nearly reached the end of their journey, when the

mother was taken sick. On perceiving that she was unable to travel, the husband abandoned her. Creeping a few steps at a time, she at length reached, with her babe, a neighboring village. There she besought shelter in vain. A storm came on, and she laid herself down, in her deadly sickness, under a tree. There she was found in the morning by the benevolent narrator, drenched with rain, and the infant clinging to her breast. He removed her, and gave her medicine, but it was too late. The flame of life was expiring. He besought many individuals to take pity on the starving child. The universal reply was, "*No; It is only a girl.*" He went to the owner of the village, a man of wealth, and implored his aid. The refusal was positive. "Is the mother dead? Let the child die too. What else should it do? *Have you not said it was a girl?*" So the Christian took the miserable infant under his protection. Having procured some milk, he mentioned that he should never forget the look with which the poor famished creature crawled to his feet, and gazed up in his face as she saw the food approaching. So strongly were his compassions moved, that he determined to take her with him to his own land, that she might receive the nurture of that religion, which moves the strong to respect the weak, and opens the door of heaven to every humble and trusting soul.

Surely, woman is surrounded by an array of motives of unspeakable strength, to be an advocate for pure religion, a teacher of its precepts, an exemplification of its spirit. The slightest innovation of its principles, she is bound to repel. The faintest smile at its institutions she must discountenance. To her, emphatically, may the words of the Jewish lawgiver be addressed, "*it is not a vain thing; it is your life.*"

That she may do this great work effectually,

let her "receive the truth in the love of it." Let her contemplate with affection the character of her Savior, and earnestly seek more entire conformity to that religion, through which she receives such innumerable blessings. Let her say with more firmness than did the ardent disciple, "though all men forsake thee, yet will not I."

Ever should she assiduously cherish the spirit, so beautifully ascribed to her by the poet,

"Not she, with serpent-kiss, her Savior stung;
Not she, denied him with a traitor-tongue;
She, when apostles, shrank, could brave the gloom,

Last at the cross, and earliest at the tomb."

Mrs. Sigourney.

WEBSTER ON THE LOVE OF HOME.

The following noble sentiments were uttered by Daniel Webster: "It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, and teach them the hardships endured by the generations before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode; I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living, and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind."

MADAME LAVATER,

WIFE OF JOHN GASPER LAVATER.

The celebrated John G. Lavater was pastor of St. Peter's Church, in Zurich, Switzerland. He published several volumes on religious subjects, and a great many sermons. He had a remarkable facility in writing poetry; his verses were harmonious, unaffected, and often vigorous. But his chief claim to distinction was his famous essay on Physiognomy, which has been translated into almost all languages. Lavater was a most amiable and pleasing enthusiast. He combined uncommon penetration with a simplicity of character, that amounted almost to childlike credulity; and the overflowing kindness of his disposition made him universally beloved. He was born in 1741, and died in 1801, in consequence of a wound from a French soldier, at the taking of Zurich. His private journal will best describe his domestic happiness:

"*January 2d.* My wife asked me, during dinner, what sentiment I had chosen for the present day. I answered, Henceforth, my dear, we will pray and read together in the morning, and choose a common sentiment for the day. The sentiment I have chosen for this day is: 'Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.'

'Pray how is this to be understood?' said she.

I replied, 'Literally.'

'That is very strange indeed!' answered she.

I said, with some warmth, 'We at least must take it so, my dear; as we would do, if we had heard Jesus Christ himself pronounce the words, "Give to him that asketh of thee," says he, whose property all my possessions are. I am the steward and not the proprietor of my fortune.' My wife merely replied, that she would take it into consideration.

"I was just risen from dinner, when a widow desired to speak with me; I ordered her to be shown into my study.

'My dear sir, I entreat you to excuse me,' said she; 'I must pay my house-rent, and I am six dollars too short. I have been ill a whole month, and could hardly keep my poor child from starving. I must have the six dollars to-day or to-morrow. Pray hear me, dear sir.' Here she took a small parcel out of her pocket, untied it, and said, 'There is a book encased with silver; my husband gave it to me when I was betrothed. It is all I can spare; yet it will not be sufficient. I part with it with reluctance, for I know not how I shall redeem it. My dear sir, can you assist me?'

I answered, 'Good woman, I cannot assist you,' so saying, I put my hand, accidentally or from habit, into my pocket; I had about two dollars and a half. 'That will not be sufficient,' said I to myself; 'she must have the whole sum; and if it would do, I want it myself.' I asked if she had no patron, or friend, who would assist her.

She answered, 'No; not a living soul; and I will rather work whole nights, than go from house to house. I have been told you were a kind gentleman. If you cannot help me, I hope you will excuse me for giving you so much trouble. I will try how I can extricate myself. God has never yet forsaken me; and I hope he will not begin to turn away from me in my seventy-sixth year.'

My wife entered the room. O thou traitorous heart! I was angry and ashamed. I should have been glad if I could have sent her away under some pretext or other; because my conscience whispered to me, '*Give to him that asketh of thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.*' My wife, too, whispered irresistibly in my ear. 'She is an honest, pious woman, and has certainly been ill; do assist

her, if you can.' Shame, joy, avarice, and the desire of assisting her, struggled together in my heart. I whispered, 'I have but two dollars by me, and she wants six. I will give her something, and send her away.' My wife, pressing my hand with an affectionate smile, repeated aloud what my conscience had been whispering, '*Give to him who asketh thee, and do not turn away from him who would borrow of thee.*' I asked her archly, 'whether she would give her ring to enable me to do it?'

'With pleasure,' she replied, pulling off her ring.

The good old woman was too simple to observe, or too modest to take advantage of the action. When she was going, my wife asked her to wait a little in the passage.

'Were you in earnest, my dear, when you offered your ring?' said I.

'Indeed I was,' she replied: 'Do you think I would sport with charity? Remember what you said to me a quarter of an hour ago. I entreat you not to make an ostentation of the Gospel. You have always been so benevolent. Why are you now so backward to assist this poor woman. Did you not know there are six dollars in your bureau, and it will be quarter day very soon?'

I pressed her to my heart, saying, 'You are more righteous than I. Keep your ring, I thank you.' I went to the bureau, and took the six dollars. I was seized with horror because I had said, 'I cannot assist you.'

The good woman at first thought it was only a small contribution. When she saw that it was more, she kissed my hand, and could not, at first, utter a word. 'How shall I thank you!' she exclaimed: 'Did you understand me? I have nothing but this book; and it is old.'

'Keep the book and the money,' said I hastily; and thank God, not me. I do not deserve your thanks, because I so long hes-

itated to help you.' I shut the door after her, and was so much ashamed that I could hardly look at my wife. 'My dear,' said she 'make yourself easy; you have yielded to my wishes. While I wear a golden ring, (and you know I have several) you need not tell a fellow creature in distress that you cannot assist him.' I folded her to my heart, and wept.

January 23d, 1769. 'My servant asked me after dinner, whether she should sweep my room. I said, 'Yes; but you must not touch my books or papers.' I did not speak with the mild accent of a good heart. A secret uneasiness, and fear that it would occasion me vexation, had taken possession of me. When she had been gone some time, I said to my wife, 'I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs.' In a few moments my wife, with the best intentions, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. 'Is my room not swept yet?' I exclaimed, at the bottom of the stairs. Without waiting for an answer, I ran up into my room; as I entered, the girl overturned an inkstand, which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified; I called out harshly, 'What a stupid beast you are. Have I not positively told you to be careful?' My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running, to the table, lamenting and moaning, as if the most important writings had been spoiled; though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet, and some blotting paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away, and my wife approached me with timid gentleness. 'My dear husband!' said she. I stared at her, with vexation in my looks. She embraced me—I wanted to get out of her way. Her face rested on my cheek for a few moments—at last, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, 'You will hurt your health, my dear.' I

now began to be ashamed. I was silent, and at last began to weep. 'What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of the dominion of that sinful passion.' My wife replied, 'Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away, without your being overcome by anger. Let us pray together.' I knelt down beside her; and she prayed so naturally, so fervently, and so much to the purpose, that I thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife."

November, 1772. "My wife is still very ill! she is however a lamb in patience and goodness; full of tranquility of mind, and without self-will, reposing in the lap of heavenly love."

January, 1773. "I awoke a little before seven o'clock, and addressed myself to the paternal goodness of God. I heard the voice of my dear wife, went to her, and we blessed each other with the tenderest, sweetest, and most innocent affection, discoursing on the fate which, almost to certainty, will befall us the present year."

January 6th. "A bottle was overturned and broken to pieces. A tranquil, gentle, smiling look from my wife, restrained my rising anger."

January 12th. "No one can be more averse to the application of the rod than I am myself. I have never chastised my son *myself*; fearing I should do it with too much passion, I have always left his punishment to my more gentle wife. My child has the best of hearts, yet he sometimes needs the rod. The advice to leave children to the bad consequences of their actions looks very specious on paper; but whoever has the care of children will know that, among a thousand cases, this is scarcely possible in one instance. For instance, it is impossible always to remove scissors and penknives from the table; and if it were possible, I would not do it. External circumstances shall not accommodate them-

selves to my children; on the contrary my children must learn to accommodate themselves to circumstances. They shall not learn not to touch a penknife where there is none; but they must learn not to touch one where there are ten. If my child disobey me, I give him a slap on the hand; which, however hard it may be, is, after all, less than the least hurt he might receive by handling the penknife. I would gladly leave him to the *consequences* of his disobedience, but what if he should put out an eye, or disable a hand! I lately found a razor full of notches, and was going to put myself in a passion; but I pacified myself instantly. I asked, in a serious tone, 'My son, have you had this razor?'

'Yes, papa.'

I have nothing more at heart than that my child should never tell lies; I therefore said, 'I shall not punish you this time, because you have readily told me the truth.' Children will certainly never tell lies except from fear of punishment."

January 12th. "I spoke with my wife of our children. I said 'I have a presentiment that they will not grow old, though they are in general very healthy.' It gave me great satisfaction to hear her reply, with much resignation, 'The will of the Lord be done. Thank God! they have not been created in vain. They are our children, and the children of their Heavenly Father, whether they live or die.'"

January 18th. "When I was called to breakfast, the beautiful group, which had assembled almost moved me to tears. My dear wife was in bed; little Henry at her left hand, and Nannette on her foot-stool upon two chairs before the bed. She was giving them their soup. I took a pencil, and sketched that family scene on paper. My wife said, smiling, 'You forget one person that belongs to the group, and is sharing our pleasure.' My joy was complete. God bless you, darlings of my heart, God bless

you! I tried to imprint this scene indelibly on my mind. Such things are so extremely sweet in recollection."

January 30th. "My dear wife was not well. Only a god-like patience could bear what she endures. My little Nannette shouted when I entered the room. The little, innocent, lovely child! I was obliged to struggle against my wish to take her, lest I should lose time. I wrote a little while, but could resist no longer. I took her up and carried her to her mother and brother. Some trifles vexed me. My wife observed it, and silently gave me her hand. 'I will be good,' said I, with a filial voice, and my serenity returned."

June 3d. "My wife waked me, saying, 'It is seven years to-day since we were married.' I told her it should be celebrated by a little festival for the children.

"Some things that detained me in the morning, tempted me to grow impatient, because I wanted to have a little pleasure with my family. At length, I was at liberty to do so. We went to the apartment where my wife and I had first knelt together in prayer; we recalled to memory all the particulars of our wedding day, running over the seven years which, notwithstanding all our trials, we had spent so happily. We related to our boy how we had been united, and he listened with much interest, which filled our hearts with pleasure. We gathered all the flowers we could find, strewing some of them on the lap of Nannette, whom I pushed forward in her little carriage, while Henry, whose hair I adorned with the rest, was drawing the vehicle. Their precious mother looked on with pleasure.—I ordered Henry to be dressed in his Sunday garments, and read to him a little song, which, notwithstanding I had composed it in a great hurry, drew a pearly tear of joy from his mother's eyes. I left the happy circle with reluctance."—MRS. CHILD.

PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

BY ALMA MATER.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

"But I say unto you, swear not at all."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Perrin, "the man is coming here."

Mrs. Perrin was a little, round, dumpling of a woman, with a mild, benevolent face, and a smile almost always on her lips. On the occasion of this exclamation, she was at work in her kitchen porch, shelling peas, and her neighbor, Mrs. Jerkin sat beside her, knitting. The minister was seen at some little distance, facing towards the house. Mrs. Perrin had her cap-ribbons tied up to the crown, her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, her old blue floured apron on, and her household implements around her, and it was this unfitness of dress, as she thought, that brought out the irreverent speech.

"Who, the minister?" asked Mrs. Jerkin, an expression of a peculiar character passing over her face.

"Yes; why in the name of mercy didn't he come yesterday, when I was all cleaned up? In the morning, too, when I'm in such a stew!" Said Mrs. Perrin, untying her cap strings as fast as she could, and pressing down her sleeves, while the perspiration rolled down her face. "Land of promise! I haven't a minute's time"—and sure enough, before the words were out of her mouth, the minister stood on the steps of the kitchen.

"La! Elder, how are you? I'm mighty glad to see you. Won't you jest go round to the front door, and I'll let you into the parlor: I ain't fit to be looked at here."

"Do let me sit down here, good Mrs. Perrin; don't drive me into your parlor, just because I happen to be a minister. There, now I am comfortable, if you will allow me;" and seating himself on a huge

log that was used for some domestic purpose, he fanned himself with a great burdock leaf, that he plucked from the side of the door.

"Now, Mrs. Perrin, I insist that you go right on with your work; or shall I shell the peas for you?" he asked, observing the basket full of that vegetable standing by her side.

"La! Elder, how comical! no, I guess I'll jest go through with the job, seeing as you say so; we must all mind the minister," and she took up her work again.

After a few moments of pleasant discourse, the minister, quite rested, and refreshed with a draught of new milk, arose to go on his way. As soon as he was out of sight, Mrs. Jerkins commenced praising him.

"He's a good man, and preaches such beautiful plain sermons!" she said. "Even the little children can understand them. Do you remember his last Sabbath's discourse?"

"O! yes, and didn't he give it to some of our folks. I wouldn't have stood in Jerry Cook's shoes for something I can tell you. Did you see Jerry Cook's face, just as red as a beet? Let me see—his text was 'Swear not at all;' didn't he handle it beautifully?"

"Yes, I took considerable of it to myself," said Mrs. Jerkin; "and I don't know but I felt almost as bad as Jerry Cook."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Perrin; "you took considerable to yourself! why, you don't swear do you?"

The neighbor could not help laughing at the comical expression of the little, fat, rosy face before her.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Jerkin, "I found that I had been swearing the greater portion of my life, though, I hope ignorantly, and I resolved to give it up immediately; since then I've been careful of my speech."

Mrs. Perrin looked first amused, then thoughtful—but the shells fell on the floor, the knitting-needles clicked, the cat purred, the sunshine lay across the fields—every thing told of quiet and contentment, and the two women only spoke occasionally as they worked.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Perrin, looking up, "there's the door of my bird cage open—suppose the bird had gone." She shut the door, and was about to resume her occupation, when she observed a singular smile on the face of her companion, that arrested her attention.

"Of what are you thinking?" she queried.

"Of that expression you used just now, and I dare say you would think, quite innocently."

"O! I said 'good heavens'—I remember," replied the little woman, more soberly; "why! that is nothing!"

"But Christ said it was," returned the other; "don't you remember the words, 'for I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne.'"

"O dear! I never thought of it, I'm sure," said the little woman, shuddering; "why, it is real swearing, isn't it?"

"I consider it so," replied Mrs. Jerkin.

"Dear me, and I've got such a habit of it," said Mrs. Perrin again.

"Do you think it's wrong to say 'in the name of mercy,' 'in the name of patience?'" queried Mrs. Perrin.

"Most decidedly," replied Mrs. Jerkin; "Christ says, 'Let your communication be yea, yea, and nay, nay;' and he adds, 'For whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil.'"

"Dear me, but people don't know they're doing wrong," said Mrs. Perrin.

"They have the Bible," replied her neighbor.

"To be sure, said Mrs. Perrin, hastily, "I didn't think of that—but you don't

find a woman but uses some such words."

"More's the pity," said Mrs. Jerkin. "I have heard really lady-like women exclaim, 'My gracious!' and 'creation!' That was swearing by the earth and all created things; expressly forbidden, you know. Ah! intemperance of speech prevails to an alarming extent."

"Dear me!" said little Mrs. Perrin. "There was that wrong?" she asked, looking up. "Well, from this time henceforth, I'm determined to have no slang words or pet phrases," said the little woman, resolutely. "The thought that I was swearing—it seems dreadful."

"I, too, am determined to have my communication as near the gospel command as I can," replied Mrs. Jerkins, gathering up her knitting work, and taking her departure.

Mr. Perrin came home from the farm, very tired. He was a good Christian brother, was farmer Perrin, but his communication was not *yea* and *nay*.

He sat down to the supper table. Some of his favorite cakes were set smoking before him. "Jerusalem," he exclaimed, with a pleasant air, as he surveyed the smoking pile.

"O! Amos!" said his wife, "don't swear, please."

The farmer dropped his knife, and stared with a ludicrous countenance.

"Don't swear?" he repeated.

"You said Jerusalem, husband."

"Well, and you call that swearing, do you?"

"Christ says so."

"I'd like to have you tell me where! Pretty conscientious you're getting, to reprove a man like me, who never swore an oath in his life."

"Why, husband, hear," said Mrs. Perrin, repeating from memory, that she had refreshed since Mrs. Jerkin's visit; "Christ says, 'Swear not at all; neither by heaven,

for it is God's throne, neither by the earth, for it is His footstool, neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king."

"Well, really, I never thought of that before, and the habit has grown on me, I believe."

"You see, Mrs. Jerkin was in here, and took *me* to task for swearing."

"Took *you* to task for swearing; well, that's a pretty piece of intelligence."

"But I did, Amos, I said 'good heaven,' and 'good gracious,' and ever so many other things, when I felt excited; and she proved from the Bible that I was wrong, and so I was, you see."

"Well, well—that's a new light to me. 'Live and learn,' my old grandmother used to say, but I never thought that I should learn that I'd been swearing all my days. Why, I've often said that I never used an oath in all my life. Je—— there! you see, I just saved myself. A habit is so hard to break, but I shall try it. Just reprove me when you hear it, will you, wife?"

"Yes, if you will reprove me."

"I certainly will," returned the good farmer; "when I hear the wrong word coming, I will quote the Bible—'Swear not at all.'"

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is to be obtained in the accustomed chair by the fireside, more than in the honorary occupation of civic office; in a wife's love, infinitely more than in the favor of all human being else; in children's innocent and joyous prattle, more than in the hearing of flattery; in the reciprocation of little and frequent kindnesses between friend, more than in the anxious achievements of wealth, distinction, and grandeur; in change of heart more than in change of circumstances; in full, from trust in Providence, more than in the fee-simple inheritance of whole acres of land; in the observation of neatness and regularity, household virtues, rather than in the names of ostentatious, and, therefore, rare display; in a handmaiden's cheerfulness, more than in the improved tone of politics; and in the friendship of our next door neighbour, more than in the condescending notice of our Lord Duke.

THE MOTHER-HAND.

When I am sick I want my mother to sit by my side, and gently pat my shoulder with her soft hand. 'Tis the same motion that lulled me to sleep when I was a little child, while the lips, close to my fevered brow, whispered the loving language that to wise and proper people is foolishness. Foolishness! so were the language and the doctrines of the Son of God to the Greeks—utter foolishness—but oh! those mother-words! *my* heart understands them. Therein is a cadence that Jenny Lind never rivalled in her most elaborated melodies; but her babies have felt their charm. Yes, she has patted the shoulder of her little one with love-words more tender than those of Casta Diva.

O! 'tis sweet as "the cloud of dew in the heat of harvest," "to feel that cool hand on the hot brow, those soft fingers threading the damp tresses. Is it not, man of three-score, whose arm has wielded the ponderous lever of commerce? Is it not so, man of wealth—son of fame—child of song and story? When your towering form fell prostrate and in your weakness you could not lift the throbbing head, did not your weary heart moan, "mother, mother." You forgot honor, fame and station then—you thought little of the gold you had heaped, only looked down from the cross of your anguish on the weeping woman kneeling at its foot—the almost divine mother; and your soul leaped with a throb of a great joy to feel that she had not deserted you.

Yes! in sickness, mother is queen of the human soul. There is a glory then around her brow, though the frost of age silvers her temples. Then, if ever you have brought the sharp knife of unkindness, and laid its cruel steel close to that womanly heart, something sharper will pierce your own—something two-edged and flashing,

on which the eyes of the angels will read "remorse."

The mother-hand is still; look at it. Its veins lie sprinkled over the cold flesh, but their faint violet how unlike the heaven-blue of health! That mother-hand! Forty long years, perhaps, has it toiled and never rested. It never grew tired in its ministry, never weary, it was never unkind. It has brought water to your parched tongue, and from the well of life it has offered you a draught of heaven. It has held the cup of thanksgiving to your lips, and to its own the bitter dregs of sorrow. It has led you from the very brink of the grave, and upheld your tottering steps when the helplessness of infancy was upon you. It has brought the herbs of Marathon to sweeten your bitter lot, and the waters of Lethe to lull you to forgetfulness in youth's keen anguish. It has been laid, oh! how tenderly, on your sin-stained forehead and found the pure spot where others saw only guilt. O! blessed, thrice blessed mother-hand!

What a beautiful mystery its mission enshrouds! How it has lighted the dark by-ways of unbelief! How it has shaped images more lovely than sculptor ever evoked from the quarried marble! Then who could not turn from the gates of earth's loftiest splendor, to kiss with humble devotion that mother-hand?

I saw a painful sight one day—a woman of four-score, with grey locks matted, tangling over her brow—and that brow full of passionate furrows. Her arm was bare and shriveled and yellow, like parchment. Her thin shawl hung from a bony neck, hideous in its ghastliness, and she shook her clenched hand in the face of the passers-by, muttering her maledictions. It was an unlovely hand, hard, angular, and distorted by passion. Yet in all its deformity I thought what its mission had been, for the poor old crone was a mother.

She had patted dimpled shoulders and smoothed golden locks—and, woe me, the gentle hand had forgotten its cunning, and a fierce hatred locked the angry blood in its veins. Yet, I could not smile at his crazy words—the shattered temple had lost its chiefest ministry for good, and hand and heart, alas! were powerless.

For the Aurora.

LETTER TO YOUNG LADIES.

NO. V.

MY DEAR GIRLS: In taking up your letters at random, I have chanced to open Mary's, in which I read as follows:

"I profess to be a conscientious Christian. If I know my own heart, I desire to do right in all things. I am an orphan, and, though surrounded by kind friends, I have no mother to whom I can go for counsel. Until the commencement of my eighteenth year, I was kept entirely secluded from all social intercourse with the other sex, as the rules of the seminary to which I was sent for my education were extremely rigid on this point. During the few months which have elapsed since I left school, I have been thrown much into the society of gentlemen, and I confess I am quite at a loss to understand them. The point of difficulty is to know how far I may go in receiving attention from any particular gentleman, without placing myself under obligation to accept matrimonial overtures from him should he choose to make them. I have read your previous letters, and approve of your sentiments on other topics, and I will be extremely grateful to you, my dear Eugenia, if you will freely and frankly express your views on this."

Mary will doubtless recollect that, in a previous letter, I endeavored to show the desirableness of such a state of society that gentlemen would feel at liberty to call on young ladies, to act as their escorts, and to show them all those little attentions and civilities, which are calculated to make the time which young people can consistently devote to recreation, pass agreeably, without being suspected of any motive, beyond a mere desire to add to the en-

joyment of the present hour. If gentlemen can show such attentions without placing themselves under any obligation to go farther, of course ladies are at liberty to receive them on the same grounds. Indeed I do not think a lady is under any obligation to suppose that a gentleman feels any particular interest in her until he has directly told her so. For, if she does, she is very liable to be mistaken, and she would render herself exceedingly ridiculous by dodging and avoiding a gentleman who had never thought of her, except as an agreeable acquaintance, lest she should incur the guilt of breaking his heart.

On the other hand, if he is one whom she would wish to encourage, she may do herself incalculable injury by supposing he has serious intentions when he has not. She may subject herself to the pain and mortification of an unrequited attachment. Many a girl has been deeply, irreparably injured by mistakes of this kind, even when no blame whatever could be attached to the other party. Gentlemen have greatly the advantage of ladies in these matters. If one of them has a doubt in regard to a lady's sentiments toward himself, if it is a matter of any special interest to him to know, he can at once remove the doubt by asking her. But a lady cannot do this, hence it is necessary for her own protection that she should throw herself upon her dignity, and never allow herself to suspect that a gentleman means anything more than ordinary civility, by his attentions to her, until he says so. But if she does believe, either with reason or without reason, that his intentions are serious, she is bound to regulate her own actions accordingly. Christian principle comes in here. She may be very unwise to believe it; she may be altogether mistaken in her opinion: but so long as this is the conviction of her own mind, she cannot continue to receive his attentions and appear pleased with them, without placing herself under moral obligation to accept propositions of matrimony from him. She cannot then encourage him and be innocent, unless she is willing to meet the expectations she believes her continuing to receive his attentions will excite. The same is true in regard to gentlemen. Some men are so vain, and think themselves so perfectly irresist-

ible that a lady can hardly treat them with ordinary civility but they imagine she is in love with them. When this is the case, a gentleman could not innocently, unless he really intended to address her, show her attentions which would be perfectly proper towards one whom he believed indifferent to himself. After he is convinced that she has a special interest in him, whether that belief has any foundation in truth or not, he is bound to avoid her, unless he is conscious that he can reciprocate her affection. Much suffering would be saved in this world of ours if this principle were conscientiously carried out.

I hope Mary does not number among her male acquaintances any of that unprincipled class of gentlemen who will purposely strive to gain a lady's affections and then, after gratifying their own vanity by a knowledge of their success, leave her to try the same experiment elsewhere. Equally despicable is the conduct of a lady, who, believing that a gentleman intends to address her, will encourage him and lead him on to make a declaration, when all the while her purpose is to reject him, and she has no motive but to add to the number of her conquests.

It is, in my estimation, an unpardonable sin for man or woman either, to use the power which the affection of another gives them, to inflict unnecessary pain on a heart that loves them. Righteous retribution will follow those who are guilty of this sin. They have no right to expect happiness in this world or the world to come. The meanness and wickedness of sheep stealing bears no comparison to this. In the one case the injury is slight, and the motive may be to furnish mutton to a hungry family, in the other, the injury may be deep and irreparable, while no motive can be urged in extenuation of the crime but a desire to gratify the most contemptible vanity.

Still as it is desirable that there should be much pleasant social intercourse among young people which has no reference whatever to matrimony, ladies ought to be very slow to believe that they are the objects of special regard. If they are foolish enough to bestow their affections on those who have never sought them, they must not be disappointed to find that what

is lightly won is little prized. In this case they will have no one to blame but themselves for the suffering which may follow as a consequence. On the other hand, a gentleman has no right to complain when he is rejected, for the presumption is, that an offer of marriage is always unexpected to a lady, and nothing but cowardice on the part of a gentleman would lead him to desire or expect that a lady should commit herself first.

I fear that I have not been able to remove the difficulty in the mind of Mary, but if she cherishes a conscientious desire to do right, she will, in most cases, clearly perceive the line of duty.

Very affectionately yours,

EUGENIA.

For the Aurora.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

BY BURDINE.

Nay reader! do not start. We do not intend, under this caption, to preach you a long sermon. Though, we have no doubt, it would do you a deal of good to hear a discourse upon the subject of temptation, but as these words will occupy a prominent position, in our story, we have been pleased to place them at the head, and make them the starting point of our narrative. When we say narrative, we do not mean the narration of idle fancies—creations of the brain—peopling our story with imaginary beings and surrounding them with a drapery of ideal colors, but we intend to narrate an actual occurrence. Our heroes or heroines, as you may be pleased to call them perhaps, will not be mere automata in our hands to be placed hither and thither, to please our own fancy, and cater to the tastes of the reader; but active beings, who will take real parts in this little drama, and who will speak and act for themselves.

Traveling through the interior of one of our sister States, over fertile hills and rich valleys, admiring the beautiful farms, that

spread out before us on either side, with waving fields of grain, swaying to and fro, in the gentle morning breeze, we arrive at a cosy-looking little village, which we shall, for the present, call Fairfield. I know you will say it merits the name, for you are looking at those neat little cottages, as we pass along, buried far back in a field of blooming flowers. See that cottage there with the honey-suckles creeping over the front, and peeping in at the window, with a look of devoted affection. But stop!—Do you see that sweet face at the window? What do you think of it? Don't you think it looks as sweet and affectionate as those flowers? I knew you would like it, everybody loves such benevolent, and mild looking faces, as that, particularly, one so young. She turns her head aside, and I wonder who she is smiling at so sweetly. It cannot be her sweet-heart, for she looks too settled, and motherly, to be talking and smiling at sweet-hearts. Well, anyhow, there's somebody's curly head. Ha! ha! there he is! What a chubby face! Just look at them bright eyes! He is shaking his little fist at you, and laughs, Oh! the little elf, How I'd like to bite a piece out of that rosy cheek, that looks like a blushing peach. Why what is he up to now?—Don't you see that fat hand reached out for something? There! he didn't get it. See! he tries again, he has almost got it—but can't quite reach it. Baby laughs, and out of pure mischief, thinks he'll try it again. There now! he has got the honey-suckle this time. Just hear the rascal crow! and he is holding it up to the lady's face. She says "sweet." He laughs again, and away it goes in his mouth, crammed in by that chubby hand. Ha! ha! what a mischief! But we will leave you. Good-bye, baby, we must go on, but before we leave the village, we will come around and see you.

We pass on until we have reached the central portion of the village. There is the

Court House, quite a respectable looking building for so small a place. There are crowds of people in front of the Court yard. I wonder if there is anything of importance going on there now. What is on that bright sign across the way? "*Wilmot & Beeler, Attorneys at Law.*" Reader, you are getting impatient, and want to know what that sign has to do with our story.—Wait patiently. That sign reminds us that we have been wandering somewhat from the subject. But, with your forgiveness, we will proceed at once, to narrate our story:

There once lived in this village of Fairfield, an old man by the name of Buford, John Buford, or pious John, as the villagers usually called him, a title he certainly never deserved. John Buford was one of these pretending Christians we meet with in our daily walks through life. A man whose whole aim seemed to be, to make himself conspicuous as a benevolent man, and in this respect, he seemed to have accomplished his earnest desire. If the Church needed repairing, Buford was the first one they went to, for it always pleased him to head the list, and others seeing his name down for so large a sum, would almost rob their family in gratifying their vanity, by contributing as much as he did. The Church, consequently, was always benefitted by this procedure, but we would not give a fig for such liberality, why give more than you can really spare, just to have it said that you are benevolent. We do not believe that good can ever come of such giving, and never in our life relished the idea of serving the devil, in order to get money, to praise God with. Some of the good old sisters, blind to the hypocrisy of Buford, would exclaim on hearing of some new act of benevolence on his part, "Bless the dear old soul, I love the very ground he walks on." "So do I," chimed in a young widow, "particularly, if it's his

own ground." Though John Buford has many other faults just as bad, we will pass them by, for there are many such John Bufords in the world.

At the time we write Buford had taken a poor lad to raise and educate, an act of charity, for which he received an additional amount of praise from the villagers. Charles Beeler, the lad in question, was a strictly honest and conscientious boy, "straight forward" in all his dealings, and though often tempted, still adhered firmly to the right. Buford liked the lad because he was honest and industrious, and showed that he was aware of the great obligation he was under to his benefactor. Charles, by his uprightness, soon became, to the evident dislike of Buford, a general favorite in the village. Buford disliked to hear any one spoken well of, but himself, and soon became so jealous of Charles' good name that he resolved to give it a downfall, that his own character, might the more plainly stand out in contrast with the dishonest principles of the boy.

Residing in the same village was a graduate of one of our most prominent law schools who had manfully fought with poverty in order to secure the inestimable blessings of an education. Although he had placed in front of his neat little office a "new piece of tin" with "*Henry Wilmot, Attorney-at-Law*" upon it, he had not as yet, received a single "*fee*." But he was stout-hearted, and looked forward, anticipating bright prospects in the future. Henry was a member in the same Church with Buford. There was a vast difference in these two persons—a difference, both of looks and manners.—For one was indeed the true Christian, while the other was but gilded, and a slight brush with adversity would have torn the gilding, and revealed the hediousness of the "inner man." Good old father Manners used to smile whenever Henry entered the Church, for there was an affinity in his bosom, for

the *pure gold*. And as he passed around to take up the usual collections, he said it did him as much good to see Henry Wilmot, bashfully, put in his pittance, as it did to see Buford, hold his hand high up, and let fall the heavy piece of coin, to attract the attention of the congregation.

Henry, like most young men, had his preference for some one of the fair sex, and it fell to the lot of Ida May, to receive the grateful homage of an honest heart, which she returned with all the ardor of her naturally affectionate nature. Ida was a sensible girl, and whenever Henry Wilmot pressed her to become his wife, she would smiling say:

"Wait a little while, dear Henry, until you have succeeded in obtaining a good practice in your profession. It would not do for me to clog your energy, now, by becoming your wife, and thus giving you another to toil for, before you have obtained a sufficient practice to support yourself."

Henry always acknowledged the truth of Ida's remarks, and admired her all the more, for her good judgment, but would sadly say, "From present indications I do not think that will be very soon Ida."

"The more reason then that I ought not to become your wife just now. If the future looks dark to you, standing alone, what will it be to both of us. But don't be disheartened, honesty, perseverance, and christian resignation, to await the pleasure of our Heavenly Father, will receive their rewards."

Reader, she was right. Don't you think so? Perfectly so. For how many young men are there, whose advance to higher stations in wealth and society, has been retarded by too early marriage. Now we do not mean to argue against early marriages, yet we insist, that a young man, before linking his fate with another's, shall have become settled, with some object in view, and be already on the way of obtaining the object he aspires to. Poverty is a sore trial to any one, but still more so to those united together, in love and marriage. Though

their humble abode may be blessed with pure happiness, yet how much better would it have been, if they had waited until becoming satisfied in their minds that they were in a fair way of attaining to that position from which they could benefit mankind. Until they had become somewhat acquainted with this enigma world of ours, and not have their energies for good blunted at the beginning by some severe rebuff to their young and ardent natures. Forgive us, reader, for this diversion, it is our last.

Mr. Buford had tried all the means in his power, for some months, to entrap the unsuspecting boy, but had failed in every instance as yet. One day, a new idea entered his brain, he thought he would tempt Charles with money, and he placed some pieces of gold upon the mantle in the library, knowing that Charles frequented the room often in search of books to read, and could not help but see the gold.— Still Charles remained steadfast, and Buford had nigh given up all hopes of ever accomplishing his purpose. Business called him to a neighboring village, for a short time. He gave the keys of the whole house to Charles, bidding him watch it in his absence, at the same time telling him to do just as he wished, as much so, as if he were his son. Charles at the time was attending the school in the village, and rapidly advancing in all his studies, and it became necessary for him to get a new book in order to enter an advanced class. As Buford was not at home and would not be for some time, Charles did not know how he should procure the work in question. He debated in his mind as to whether it was right to take the gold in the library or not. I know he thought to himself that Mr. Buford will not care, as I am going to purchase a book with the money. He hesitated no longer, and bought the book with the gold which Buford had been trying to tempt him with.

Buford after transacting his business returned—and during the hours that Charles was at school, passing into the library he missed

the gold from its accustomed place, and rightly concluded that the boy had taken it. He posted off to one of his neighbors telling him that Charles had stolen money from him in his absence. His neighbor was enraged at this supposed ungratefulness, and volunteered to go and arrest him. Going to the school house he found Charles, and told him, that he had come to arrest him, for stealing money from his benefactor. The astonished boy acknowledged that he had taken the money, but bought a book with it. "That story won't do, my young friend," said the neighbor, "you'll have to invent a better story than that. Stealing money from that pious old man? What an ungrateful wretch you must be!"

By this time, the whole village was aroused with the startling announcement, that "Charles Beeler had robbed Buford's house." The rage of the people knew no bounds when they discovered the lad they had all been praising so much, had turned out to be a thief, stealing from his own protector. And soon there was a large crowd assembled in front of the Court room. Buford gave in his testimony, stating he had missed his money, from the mantle in the library, but did not want, for his part, to injure him, he had himself acknowledged that he took the gold. All the good opinions of Charles Beeler's honesty vanished, when Buford made these remarks, and it was with considerable difficulty, that they could be restrained from laying hands upon him.

The lawyer engaged by Buford to prosecute the lad, made a long speech, setting forth in startling array the enormity of the theft.

Charles did not look up during all this time, but kept his face buried in his hands, while the tears were seen trickling down his fingers. Old father Manners was there, and when the Judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence, stepped forward, and said, "That though the boy had taken the money, Buford had placed it there on purpose to tempt him." The old man was hoisted at for venturing such an excuse for dishonesty in a Court of Justice.

by some, while others shook their heads as much as to say, "He's not as bad after all."

Turning to Charles the Judge asked if he had any one to defend him.

"No sir, no one! but indeed, indeed, I did not mean to steal the money, I took it to buy a book with!" Here the poor boy burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Poor boy!" said the Judge, "you're like the rest, sorry now that the deed is done?"—But is there any one who will defend him?

At this moment, Henry Wilmot stepped forward and said, "May it please your honor, I will defend the lad."

There was a death-like stillness in the Court room. Not a word was spoken, but all leaned over, waiting eagerly to hear what young Wilmot would say for the boy, and the excitement was heightened on account that he had never made his "maiden speech," as it is termed and this was his first opportunity.

He gazed steadily around a moment—then advancing picked up the Bible which lay upon the Judge's stand, and commenced to turn the leaves. The people crowded closer, and closer around him, forgetting, in their eagerness to hear what Wilmot was going to say, all about the lad, and the stolen money. Even the old Judge regarded him earnestly over his spectacles, wondering what he intended to do with the Bible. He paused—placed his finger upon the open page—and looking, first at the Judge, then at the spectators, read in a clear musical voice: "Lead us not into temptation." A thrill ran through the crowd, they understood now for what purpose he wanted the Bible. Scornful glances were cast upon Buford, who trembled beneath the earnest gaze of the young Attorney, who looked at him as though he read his soul, and intended to lay bare his hypocrisy, that all present might see it. Wilmot appealed to the Jury, whether it was right, that the boy should be punished when he had taken the gold to purchase a necessary school book, money which Buford himself would have given him had he been at home, and money

which had been placed in his way, for the express purpose, of tempting him to dishonesty.

The feeling so bitter against Charles Beeler, gave place to a better one, and scarcely had Wilmot finished his "maiden speech," when the villagers, with one accord, hooted and taunted Buford from the Court room, and were crowding around Charles shaking him by the hand. Wilmot took the lad to his own home, and finally admitted him to his office to study. The fame of his speech, in the boy's defence, made him known for miles around, and very soon he found himself in an extensive practice.

Time flew by and he was married to Ida May. That little cottage we showed you when you entered the village, was his. The interesting lady at the window, was Ida, and that little "curley head" we left pulling the honey-suckles, is the first pledge of their affection.

Now reader; about that sign, Wilmot & Beeler, the last named person is none other than Charles Beeler, who is now a promising young lawyer, thanks to the instruction of Wilmot.

So reader, our story ended, we bid you "good night," and this eve ere you place your head upon the pillow, pray, "Lead us not into temptation." Remembering the boon you crave, ought to be extended to those around you, and never lead the least of God's children into the by-ways of sin.

RESISTANCE TO RIDICULE.—Learn from the earliest day to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you think it right to differ from the times. and to make a point of morals, do it, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

—Sidney Smith.

WANTED.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"Taking up the paper this morning and glancing over the contents, my eye was arrested by these words:—*Wanted, a few more active and energetic men.*" It was only a heading to an advertisement, but the words haunted me all day. I went out into the streets of our busy city; at every corner stood groups of men, lounging in the warm sunshine, or idly watching the comers and goers:—"Wanted, a few more active and energetic men," thought I as I hurried past them. Is there no work in all this great unfinished world for head, and heart, and hand, that so many arms are folded in inactivity? Are there no store-houses of treasure locked up in the bosom of the earth for some daring hand to unlock; are there no wheels in the vast machinery of nature waiting for a resolute shoulder to set them in motion, to roll the world onward in the way of science and progress? *Oh, for a few more active and energetic men;* men that dare to do great deeds, to think great thoughts, to utter great truths, and pull down great wrongs. We need them every where, in every department. They are wanted for rulers; great, calm, earnest men, with keen eyes to see through every web of subtlety and mist of falsehood, to strip error of every plausible covering, and hold up the truth and the right before the people. Men with great souls to hold themselves at rest among the strife and confusion, souls that shall dwell above pollution and bribery, in a purer atmosphere of their own. We want them now, when our Ship of State feels the eddying and whirling of countless currents beneath her, when the tempest gathers blackness every hour, and mutiny thickens among her crew, we need strong hands at the helm, keen eyes at the look-out, quick arms at every rope and sail. "*Wanted, wanted, a few more active and energetic men.*"

"WANTED, A HOME."—If all the people in want of homes advertised for them, there would be little space in our periodicals. Have you never seen in your daily walks pale, gaunt looking children wandering about the streets, or playing on sunny corners? You pitied them perhaps, and sighed at the thought that they were homeless; that the little tender plants were thrust out of the sheltered garden

to the open moor, where every passing foot might crush them, and in the wistful eyes that looked up to yours, you fancied you read the plea—"Wanted, a home." But did you ever think that the same yearning dwelt deep down in the heart of many a man and woman, whom you meet in stately halls and in richly furnished homes?

"Wanted, a home," sighs the rich man, amid the splendor which his wealth has surrounded him, thinking of the dreams he once wove, of a simple home made glad by earnest affections, and "the charities that make life beautiful," and then remembering the days amid the grinding mills of toil, and the nights amid empty glare and glitter that make up what he calls his life. No cooling spot in the desert, no sheltered nook for a refuge from the heat, no dew of affection to fall at night upon his heart and wash away the choking dust and stains it bore—*no home.*

"Wanted, a home," murmurs the proud queen of beauty, unbraiding the gems from her hair, and laying off the heavy folds of her robe. The sounds of the revel are all hushed, and she sits alone with the solemn beauty of the night. Leagues away, over meadow and upland, there stands a low-roofed cottage with the moonlight sleeping on the threshold, and the leaves whispering under the eaves. She can see it all, and the splendor under her vanishes, and she sits again in the homely room, dreaming of the wonderful future. She has heard no organ tones so grand as the surge of the wind through the sounding forest, no music so wondrous as the rush of the swollen brook through the meadow. Ah, and there has been no love so faithful as their's of that dear old homestead, no heart so tender as the mother's that bore her, and when the bitterer memory comes of the hour when she bartered it all for wealth and a sounding name, the hot tears struggle out from under the quivering lids as the poor heart moans—"wanted, a home."

"Wanted, a home," says the christian, when flesh and heart are failing; when bitter temptations thicken about him, and the drops in his cup turn to gall. Wanted, a home, where the inhabitant shall not say I am sick, where the eyes that look upward dimly through tears, grow radiant with the sunlight of joy; a home where the beautiful grow not old, where moth and rust corrupt not, and where

the psalms of thanksgiving never change to funeral wails. And so the great portals unfold, and the Father reaches out his arms, and into that calmer, safer home goes the glad soul with an abundant entrance, singing in tune with the angel voices, "*found! found! a home in the bosom of God.*"

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

I knew a little girl
And she was three years old,
And sometimes did she find it hard
To do as she was told.

Kittens, books, and dolls,
And pretty things she had;
And when she laughed and jumped about,
She made her mother glad.

And I remember now,
One bright and pleasant day,
How naughty was that little girl,
And how she ran away.

Her aunt, who saw her come,
Asked, "Did your mother say
That you might play with little Hal,
Upon this pleasant day?"

And then that little girl
Her bonnet did untie;
"O yes, my mother told me so!"
Which was a wicked lie.

Just then an angel came,
That wicked lie to hear;
For he had watched, both night and day
That little girl so dear.

And when that wicked lie
The little girl did tell,
Big tears came rolling from his eyes,
For her he loved so well.

God saw the angel weep,
And asked, "Why do you cry?"
The angel said, "Alas! Alas!
My Katy's told a lie."

TWILIGHT REVERIE.

BY E. M. E.

The hum of the busy multitude has ceased; the sun has hid his dazzling splendor behind the western hills, and as his last rays gild the fleecy clouds which skirt the horizon, all nature seems to invite to serious meditation. How delightful, at this hour, to steal away to some sequestered spot, and resign ourselves to those trains of thought which naturally arise. Reflections on the past and anticipations of the future, alternately occupy the mind, and the many painfully pleasing emotions which then pervade the heart, afford more real rational enjoyment, than can be found in gay assemblies, where the thoughts are absorbed in the present moment. 'Twas a lovely evening towards the close of May, that I wandered away from the dwelling of my friend, and directed my steps towards a grove of trees, that I might enjoy for a while the luxury of contemplative retirement. I seated myself in a rude arbor, and thought soon to lose myself in some pleasing reverie, to bring around me the bright scenes of by-gone days, and hold sweet converse with dear and absent friends.

But my attention was soon diverted from my original design, by looking out upon the trees which surrounded me, as the darkness gathered round their deep green foliage, they assumed an appearance of solemn majesty which inspired me with feelings of awe in beholding them. At this moment a passing zephyr occasioned a slight rustling among the leaves, and as I observed the variations of sound in trees of different species, it struck me that there was meaning in those gentle whispers. These trees thought I have had their twilight meditation and are now conversing with each other upon the subjects which most interest them.— Surely I may well forego the pleasure of my

own musings, if I can listen to the reflections of those whose age and experience qualify them to impart instruction.

An aged weeping willow seemed first to demand a hearing, and though her voice was low and often interrupted by sighs, yet by the aid of imagination to fill out those sentences which were inarticulate, I translated her whisperings as follows. "How cheerless are the prospects of one who, like myself, is doomed to survive all that once was dear. The companions of my youth, where are they! The waves of oblivion cover them. The brilliancy of my own youthful anticipations but adds to the bitterness of my disappointment. The sun will again return to mock my sadness by his animating rays, but no ray of hope will ever dawn upon the darkness of my soul. Formerly I rejoiced in the return of Spring, when I found myself decked in a verdant covering; but ah! by sad experience I have learned to rejoice no more. It now grieves me to the heart to think how soon my foliage will be given to the winds, and the howling blasts of Autumn moan dismally among my leafless branches. But what augments still more the keenness of my anguish is that my companions of the grove heed not my grief, but sport on regardless of my sighs and tears. O! that I could induce them to look with the eye of experience upon their present condition and their future prospects. How soon would their smiles be exchanged for groans and bitter lamentations."

Here she paused, and a youthful locust, that waved her graceful branches, seemed next to demand a hearing. "I have listened," said she, "to the sad soliloquy of the willow, but so far from sympathising in such strains of woe, I can scarcely repress my indignation at the folly that indulges them. What but her own moody humor prevents our friend from partaking the happiness we enjoy? Would she but raise her droop-

ing head, and court the passing gaze, she might experience the infinite delight of exciting admiration. How does my every fibre thrill with emotions of joy, when the admiring stranger attracted by my graceful appearance, pauses and exclaims, how beautiful! Surely the world I inhabit, is very different from the one just described by my sister. The passing zephyrs delight to linger in sportive mood among my branches. The rising sun greets me with a smile, and all nature seems to conspire to render my existence one continued scene of joy and gladness. And you friend willow, in as much as you would fain mar the beauty of this scene, and, by your gloomy forebodings cast a shadow over my hitherto unclouded prospects, you are worthy of my contempt.

"Permit me," said the fruit-tree, in a modest tone, "to interrupt you for a moment. I am far from advocating the spirit of gloom and despondency which pervaded the remarks of our friend, the willow. But I cannot join with you, in your expressions of contempt. To one who has witnessed so many changes, such feelings are so natural, that while they claim our pity, they demand also our respect. But admitting that you justly condemn the sadness of the willow, may you not equally err on the other hand? It is true a life of weeping is a life of folly, but what, I ask, is the result of a life of mirth? May it not be equally void of wisdom? and has it not a tendency to produce the very state of feeling you now so much condemn? If your only enjoyment consists in the pleasure of exciting admiration, and in the sportiveness of the elements around you, what, think you, will be your feelings, when the frosts shall have laid their withering blight upon your foliage, and your graceful branchlets, which you now so proudly wave, shall have fallen, one by one, to be trampled under foot, while you yourself are the object of universal neglect? If you would not know, by

sad experience, how to sympathise with the willow, let me entreat you to turn your attention now, from seeking present amusement, and apply yourself diligently to the maturing of those blossoms which cluster so thick upon you; so shall you be sought in Autumn for your fruit, and when the frosts of age, shall congeal the genial current of life, you will have the satisfaction of thinking you have not lived in vain."

For the Aurora.

THE SICK ROOM.

Write say you? And what shall I write? Shall I depict scenes familiar to very many households in our land? Scenes with which my own eyes have been sadly familiar. The sick room is my theme. Behold that careworn mother. Day after day, night after night, and week after week, has she watched beside the bed of suffering.—Intense anxiety for loved ones has armed her with almost supernatural energy. She is a wonder to herself. Kind friends interpose in vain to induce some intermission of her cares. Sleep has almost fled from her eyes, slumber rarely visits her eyelids. She sees one after another of those dear to her heart prostrated by disease. The insidious chill creeps on her cherub boy, arresting the hand uplifted to convey food to his mouth. Wrapped in its cold embrace, food and toys are forgotten. The deathlike shiver subsides into stupor, unrefreshing sleep, then comes the burning fever, delirium, the sweat. A dozen "certain remedies" are tried with apparent success. The little one is again on his feet, the butterfly is almost within his grasp—but, in an evil hour, when least expected, his wily foe renews the attack. The chill, the fever, the sweat, the bitter pill are all to go over again. "Infallible remedies" are again resorted to with like success, till at last native vigor of constitution wears out the

disease, or the disease itself comes off victorious, and the suffering child yields itself to death and the grave.

But this is only one of the myriad forms of disease. The fearful typhoid begins its ravages. It deludes its victims, makes but little show, while it fastens its deadly fangs on their vitals. It there holds them in painful suspense, vibrating slowly between life and death. The nurse as well as the sufferer has "need of patience."

But even the sick room is not all sadness. The glow of returning health brings with it enjoyment far greater than we derive from unvaried good health. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." We undervalue our daily blessings while in the uninterrupted enjoyment of them. Judson said "the highest sensuous delight he ever felt was when sailing down the Irrawaddy, soon after his release from prison with his wife sitting beside him and little Maria on his lap."

How pleasant to greet one after another of a recovering family at the table, the fireside, the family altar. When all have again resumed their places they look on each other with feelings somewhat akin to those felt by a ship-wrecked family when they can say, "we are all safe, not one is lost." Still, in this fitful, dreaming life all is uncertain. When one danger is passed another is just before us, though kindly hidden from our view. Our Creator has implanted in us a strong love of life, and has placed the means of gratifying it before us, bidding us to "lay hold on eternal life."

Bliss is the absence of all that can "hurt or destroy," with the presence of all that can please. Sickness and sorrow visit not the heavenly city. Death is unknown. No funeral processions pass through its streets. Unsullied purity and "love unfeigned" hold their court there. The vision is so bright, so beautiful, I could wish myself

there—but for me “to abide in the flesh” a little longer “is needful” for others.

AMELIA.

A SAD HONEYMOON.

Charles Albaugh was recently tried, convicted, and sentenced, in Cleveland, Ohio, for robbing the mail. *The Columbus (Ohio) Gazette* says:

“Charles Albaugh is only 20 years of age, and the events of the past few months will fill an important chapter in his life’s history. On Christmas day he eloped with his landlord’s daughter, a Miss German, in her sixteenth year, went to Alexandria, Pa., and was married. An effort was made to keep the affair secret, but it was discovered by the girl’s parents, who were highly incensed at their daughter’s imprudence. On the 28th of January, Mr. Prentiss, the United States Mail Agent, arrested Albaugh upon a charge of robbing the mail. He was taken to Cleveland, tried, convicted, and sentenced before the United States Court, and upon reaching Cardington, on his way to the Penitentiary, the young wife came aboard the cars to bid farewell to her convict husband.

The meeting was a painfully affecting one. She begged him to keep up his spirits, to make a firm resolve to do his whole duty while in prison. She vowed to stick to him though all the rest of the world should forsake him: “for,” said she, “Charley, we are both young; we have years of happiness in store for us; and when your time has expired, we can go to some other land, where the offence will not be known, where we can live happily together, and earn an honest livelihood.”

The poor girl nerved herself to the task, and as she wiped the tears from the cheek of her young husband, she never whimpered. The car was full of passengers, who witnessed the scene with tearful emotion. The conductor, who, at the request of the officers, had kindly delayed a few moments, to give the young couple an opportunity of meeting each other, at last notified them that he could delay no longer, and the whistle gave notice that the cars were about starting.

“Keep up your courage like a man,”

Charley,” said the fair heroine, and, as she kissed his cheek she turned to leave him; but, overpowered by her own feelings, that she had thus far kept under control, she fell fainting in the arms of the bystanders, who carried her gently into the station-house, and the cars rolled over the rails, with increased speed, to make up for the detention. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A nightingale, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When looking eagerly around,
He spied far off upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark;
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm aware of his intent,
Harrangu’d him thus right eloquent.

Did you admire my lamp, quoth he,
As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I, to spoil your song;
For ’twas the self-same pow’r divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Releas’d him as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int’rest to discern;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life’s poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other’s case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim,
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

COWPER.

DEAR AURORA:—You kindly invite me to contribute to your columns, and I have had it in my heart to do so since they were first opened; but in casting about for suitable material, I find myself singularly unfurnished. My self-esteem asks why? The reply to that query embraces a birds-eye view of my history from my infancy.

A very frail constitution was my sad inheritance. My friends considered me as having a very precarious foothold on life. Physicians advised that the only hope of my arriving at mature years, was unrestrained exercise in the open air. I was the oldest of the last half dozen in our family, the other five were boys. They were my companions. I joined in all their sports. I never acquired a taste for such amusements as usually entertain little girls. I never owned a doll. The hoop, the kite, the ball, had superior attractions for me; and even when left alone, I found building houses and making tables more to my taste than dressing dolls.

Books and school were my aversion. I put off the evil day, and begged off from them as long as possible—but when it was known that I was almost nine, and could not yet spell to “baker,” it was decreed that to school I must go. It could be put off no longer. But happily for me, even in the school-room and surrounding playground my brothers were still my companions. And just here let me ask you a few questions. Are all innovations improvements? Is it certainly better to have our Female Seminaries surrounded with huge brick walls, giving them a prison-like aspect, or when the walls are wanting, supply the defect with teachers more watchful

than Spanish Duennas? Would it not be better to train our daughters in daily contact with the other sex, that they may learn that every pair of pants and boots does not certainly enclose a hero? And would not our sons feel a wholesome restraint by the presence of their sisters? Now if in reply to these queries you advocate the position to which they point, you may overturn the whole present system of education; and if in overturning, you turn the right side up, you will confer a blessing on this great nation. But this by way of parenthesis.

When school-days were over, an older brother selected my reading and read with me. It so happened that such literature as was prepared for the special benefit of woman kind, came in for a very small share of our attention. I never acquired a taste for “Lady’s Books;” and never subscribed for one till prompted by motives of personal friendship to an editor. Let not my words discourage you in your noble enterprise.—That such journals are a felt want is manifest from the fact that they are springing into existence, and are sustained, all over our country. But I am just telling “self-esteem” why I am so singularly disqualified to aid in this good work. Something whispers in my ear that “the keen eye of AURORA has discovered another reason not altogether satisfactory to self-esteem.” I repel the insinuation by saying the kindness of her heart will suppress anything which would wound even “self-esteem.”

Indulge me, dear AURORA, a little farther. A reference to early life naturally brings around me a crowd of images, some of which I would catch before they are forever buried in oblivion. That loving band of five brothers, where are they now? “We are scattered, we are scattered, though a joyous band were we.” All that was mortal of one now moulders in the dust. His joyous spirit is, I trust, with the ransomed around the throne of God. Each of the

others, is the center of a new, loving circle. Such is life. The impulses of each fire-side send out an ever widening influence.— It is the part of wisdom to purify these fountains of influence. This I understand to be the aim of your Journal. You have my best wishes for your success. Very truly yours,

AMELIA.

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

Yes, my dear young lady, robed in that exquisite morning dress, turning over the last new novel, or lisping French to some fashionable acquaintance, it means just you. A neat calico dress, a cook-book, and plain household English, would be much more becoming to you at this hour of the day; and, pray tell me, how much would it degrade your respectability to know something useful? Who would think less of you for knowing how to superintend the affairs of the kitchen, or even to lend a helping hand. Perhaps Miss Seraphina Verdantina Snob might elevate that little sharp nose of hers at the idea, but are you afraid of her? Didn't you tell Madam La Mode, only last week, that you didn't think her *ton*, and all that. Suppose Mr. C. Augustus Wellington Brayem should cease his morning calls; didn't you tell Mr. Smith that you thought him a conceited fop, and a horrid bore? Even if the aristocratic Mrs. De Parvenu should fail to invite you to her next grand party,—didn't you declare, only this morning, that you meant to cut her acquaintance the first chance?

"It isn't *fashionable* to work!" It isn't, eh? Then why do not you and your dear five hundred friends make it so? Set apart some hour for household cares, and if Mr. Exquisite or Miss Elegant happens to call, don't tell the servant to say you are not at home, nor steal up the back stairs to dress for company, but say to them that you are engaged with domestic duties and will be happy to see them at some other hour. Put on a bold face about it, hold up your head and be independant! Think of the noblest examples of our most celebrated women, and quote them instead of the last fashion-plate. Are you better than Martha Washington? If

so, just let it be known, and we will have it published for the benefit of the public.

Perhaps, if it is known that those lily hands have learned what they were made for, and that your head actually contains a portion of that old-fashioned stuff called common sense, your train of admirers may be diminished;—very probably it will, for the foppish gallants who compose a part of it, have a holy horror of that latter article; but what of it! Vanity is light, it would take a whole regiment of them to ballance a bushel of potatoes, and besides there are plenty more of the same sort. Now there's the talented Mr. Eastman, whom you've been trying your best to catch for the last six weeks; *his* loss would be worth regretting. You wonder, perhaps, why he does not marry;—hear his own reasons, as he replies to a friend in answer to the same question.

"I want a woman, instead of a fashionable doll—a companion, not an accomplished dunce. My wife must be intelligent as well as graceful, must know how to order her household as well in the kitchen as in the drawingroom, and above all, must have a good stock of common sense."

I don't wonder why he doesn't marry, but I do wonder where he'll find a wife.

Olive Branch

INDELICATE WORDS.—To the young I would say, never use unbecoming words or indelicate language. It shows a perverted mind, and does not speak well of the company you keep. Indelicate words offend the ear of modesty, and make your presence an offence to all good people. A vain and vulgar young man is loathed and abhorred by all, although for the sake of his friends, he may be sometimes tolerated by decent and respectable society. Avoid then all expressions, all, faint allusions to what is unbecoming and improper; unless you do this, you never will be respected. Never make an expression that you would not be willing all your friends should hear.

"Indecent words allow of no defence, For want of decency is want of sense."

LORD RAGLAN AND MISS NIGHTIGALE.

"Well, Sir, I was in my room, sewing, when two men on horseback, wrapped in large gutta-percha cloaks, and dripping wet, knocked at the door. I went out, and one inquired in which hut Miss Nightingale resided. He spoke so loud, that I said, 'Hist! hist! Don't make such a horrible noise as that, my man,' at the same time making a sign with both hands for him to be quiet. He then repeated his question, but not in so loud a tone. I told him this was the hut.

"All right," said he, jumping from his horse, and he was walking straight in, when I pushed him back, asking him what he meant, and whom he wanted?

"Miss Nightingale," said he.

"And pray who are you?"

"O, only a soldier," was the reply; but I must see her—I have come a long way—my name is Raglan—she knows me very well."

Miss Nightingale overhearing him, called me in, saying, "O, Mrs. Roberts, it is Lord Raglan. Pray tell him I have had a very bad fever, and it will be dangerous for him to come near me."

"I have no fear of fever, or anything else," said Lord Raglan.

And before I had time to turn round, in came his lordship. He took up a stool, sat down at the foot of the bed, and kindly asked Miss Nightingale how she was, expressing his sorrow at her illness, and thanking and praising her for the good she had done for the troops. He wished her a speedy recovery, and hoped that she might be able to continue her charitable and invaluable exertions, so highly appreciated by every one, as well as by himself. He then bade Miss Nightingale good-bye and went away. As he was going out I wished to apologize.

"No, no! not at all, my dear lady," said Lord Raglan, "you did very right; for I perceive that Miss Nightingale has not received my letter, in which I announced my intention of paying her a visit to-day—having previously inquired of the doctor if she could be seen." His lordship retired, smiling, doubtless at my rough rebuff.—*Soyer's Culinary Campaign.*

THE WIND A MUSICIAN.

The wind is a musician at birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and poor Paganini must go somewhere else for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string!

It tries almost everything upon earth, to see if there is music in it; it persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home and asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree, 'till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and wind up the river that runs at the base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment.

And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars that love music most and sang it the first.

Then how fondly it haunts old houses; moaning under the eaves, sighing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

EDUCATION.—Seek for your children, in order—first, moral excellence; second, intellectual improvement; third, physical well being; last of all, worldly thrift and prosperity; and you may attain the blessing promised to Christian nurture.—*Everts.*

OLD LETTERS.

MAD. DE MANTENON AT ST. CYR.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Madame de Maintenon was the founder of St. Cyr, an institution near Versailles, for the gratuitous education of young ladies. It was originally adapted to the reception of three hundred, who were chosen by herself from among the higher classes. She often visited them during the cares and allurements of her station at the court of Louis Fourteenth; and after the death of that monarch, spent the remainder of her days amid her pupils, dying in a plainly furnished apartment at St. Cyr, in 1719, at the age of eighty-four. To one who had known both the depths of poverty and the dizzy heights of ambition—born in a prison—made in youth the bride of the poet Scarron—left to an early and indigent widowhood—then the governess of the children of the infamous Madame de Montespan—then the confidential friend and favorite companion of the proudest king in Christendom—always decorous, intellectual and cold—mingling cautiously, though not slightly, in the political intrigues of the times, and not without the reputation of combining with Pere La Chaise to prompt the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the consequent persecution of the Protestants—such a retreat, in the winter of age, furnished opportunity for reflection, perhaps for penitence; while its erection and endowment are among the brightest traits of her varied life and strongly-marked character.

Beside her cabinet she bent,
Of rich and antique frame,—
While varying memories o'er her soul
In light and shadow came.

For, as within its close recess
Some hidden spring she press'd,
The treasure-hoards of other days
Were to her sight confessed.

Old Letters!—with what wealth they teem,
Unmatch'd by gems, or gold,
When the lov'd hand that trac'd their lines
Is motionless and cold.

When the warm heart whose impress made
Their gems of thought expand,
Hath pass'd within the pearly gates
Of the far spirit land.

Intent, each emblem seal she scann'd,—
The heart by arrows broke,—

The wing'd bay, the blushing rose
Requited love that spoke.

For she, whom fourscore withering years
By chance and change had tried,
Once tremulous with hope and fear,
Had been a poet's bride.

But as the mariner doth stand
Amid the gathering haze,—
And to a dim, receding land
Cast back his mournful gaze,

So, turn'd she toward the phantoms pale
That flit o'er memory's walls,
Whose lightest footstep woke a sound
Along those vaulted halls.

She hears the murmur of the stream
Near which her girlhood stray'd,
She scents the lilies of the vale,
The violets in the glade.

She woos the descant of the birds,
In their far, forest track,—
Till tyrant Time relenting gives
Their buried music back.

But see!—another secret nook,—
The Royal arms appear,—
Louis le Grand!—that haughty king!—
Why are such records here?

And lo!—Ambition's long-lost sun
From its horizon drear,—
Reflects a troubled, fitful gleam,—
Between a smile and tear.

It glimmereth o'er her forehead hoar,—
Like the faint, lunar bow,
When the cold, ætic moan doth kiss
Some frost-cloud's shuddering brow.

Then, ancient jealousies and cares
Disturb her furrow'd mien,—
Such as beset the path of one,
A wife—but not a queen.

Anon—to other scrolls she turns,
With deep and bitter sigh,
The clerkly skill of Pere la Chaise
Attracts her pensive eye.

How strange, that 'mid those modest folds
Should lurk the bigot fire
That burst in persecution's wrath,
And fed the funeral pyre.

And didst thou help that flame to fan—
Thou of the shrivell'd cheek,

And deem it pleasing to thy God
That christian blood should reek?

Hark! to the rush of hostile bands,—
Hark! to the martyr's prayer.—
Hark! to the countless groans that tell
The Heuguenot's despair.

Their tears upon the dark, blue sea,—
Their sighs from exile cold,—
Come they not back like vengeful sprites
To clutch thy heart-strings old?

"Ah! is this all of life?" she cried,—
And wildly gaz'd around,—
While the soft breath of sleepers fell
In measur'd, soothing sound.

Breath of bright lips and cloudless hearts,
In innocence serene,
Which she, with earnest care had drawn
Within that shelter'd scene.

Had drawn, ere vanity or guile
Their opening minds could blight,—
And bade the lamp of knowledge cheer
With undelusive light.

Yes, there was comfort:—smiling brows
In youth and beauty fair;—
And the sweet smile of grateful hearts
To bless the Teacher's care.

Cast down those letters blear'd and old,—
Thou wreck from Pleasure's surge,—
To whom ambition was a snare,
And bigot zeal a scourge;—

And to St. Cyr, with fervor cling,---
That light house 'mid the gloom,—
That one lone star, whose radiance guilds
Thy voyage to the tomb.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, you must inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you believe that you can give them what you promise.
4. If you tell your child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying you, but never punish in anger.

6. Never let them see that they can vex you or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a great one, should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the like circumstances, at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD WIFE.

In the true wife, the husband finds not affection only, but companionship—a companionship with which no other can compare.—The family relation gives retirement without solitude, and society without the rough intrusion of the world. It plants in the husband's dwelling a friend who can listen to the detail of his interest with sympathy, who can appreciate his repetition of events, only important as they are embalmed in the heart. Common friends are linked to us by a slender thread. We must retain them by ministering, in some way, to their interest, or their enjoyment. What a luxury it is for a man to feel, that in his own house there is a true and affectionate being, in whose presence he may throw off restraint, without danger to his dignity; he may confide without the fear of treachery, and be sick or unfortunate without being abandoned. If, in the outward world, he grow weary of human selfishness, his heart can safely trust in one whose soul yearns for his happiness, and whose indulgence overlooks his defects.

Presbyterian.

TO YOUNG WOMEN.

Young woman, your happiness is very much in your own hands; so are your usefulness and your good name. I do not ask you to be anything but a glad, sunny woman. I would have no counsels of mine recommended by long faces and formal behavior. I would have you at peace with Heaven, with the world, and with yourself, that tears shall flow only at the call of sympathy. I would have you immaculate as light, devoted to all good deeds, industrious, intelligent, patient, heroic. And crowning every grace of person and mind, every accomplishment, every noble sentiment, every womanly faculty, every delicate instinct, every true impulse, I would see religion upon your brow—the coronet, by token of which God makes you a princess in his family, and an heir to the brightest glories, the sweetest pleasures, the noblest privileges, and the highest honors of his kingdom. Remember what you are. You are really the consolers of the world. You attend the world in sickness; you give all its medicines, your society soothes the world after its toil, and rewards it for its perplexities; you receive the infant when it enters upon existence; you drape the cold form of the aged when life is past; you settle the little difficulties and assuage the sorrows of childhood; you minister to the poor and distressed. Do you suppose that out of the resources of your poor heart you can supply all the draughts that will be made upon your sympathies in their varied ministry? Do you believe that you carry within your own bosom light for the dying, hope for the despairing, consolation for the bereft, patience for the sick? Nay, do you believe that you have light and hope and consolation and patience sufficient for your own soul's wants, while performing the ministries to which, in Heaven's economy, you are ap-

pointed? Piety is, then, an absolute necessity to you. You can no more perform these offices to which you are called, properly and efficiently, without piety, than a bird can fly without wings. You would be trying to make bricks without straw. Think of a woman by the side of a dying sister, or a sick child, or a sorrowing friend or a broken-hearted and broken-spirited man, without a word of heaven in her mouth—without so much as the ability to whisper "Our Father," or even to point her finger hopefully toward the stars!

Springfield Republican.

A HEARTY LAUGH.

After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast or a nap after dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it rack the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Burton's transformation; under every circumstance, and everywhere a glorious thing. Like "a thing of beauty," it is a "joy for ever." There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter and one witness, there are forthwith two laughs. And so on. The convulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing it is when it becomes epidemic!

The oldest clock in America, is one in the Philadelphia Library, which is nearly two centuries old. It was made in London, keeps good time, and is said to have been once owned by Oliver Cromwell.

For the Aurora.
GOING TO THE THEATRE.
UNCLE STEPHEN'S STORY.

BURDINE.

"Mother," said Hugh Linley, a lad of eighteen, "Matthew Haynes has purchased tickets for himself and I, and wishes me to go with him to the theatre. Won't you let me go? You have no objection, have you?" he added imploringly.

"My dear boy," replied the mother, "the theatre is not a suitable place for such young men as you and Matthew; and I know the time could be employed to better advantage in your father's library. You and Matthew could amuse yourselves by reading some interesting works, that will afford both amusement and knowledge."

"But mother," spoke Hugh, "there is no harm in going I am sure. And then I've already promised Matthew I would go with him."

"Hugh," said Mrs. Linley, gently, yet firmly, "this is not the time or place for me to tell you the bad effects attending frequent visits to the theatre, and the unreal impressions of earnest life forced upon the mind, unfitting it for active labor. But you will not insist upon going, when I tell you that it would wound my feelings by showing so little regard to my will."

Hugh's countenance fell, and he seated himself rather impatiently by the fire. Uncle Stephen, an old, white-haired man, who was seated near him, marked the disappointed look; and a shade of sadness passed over his wrinkled face.

"Hugh," said Uncle Stephen, and his voice trembled with an uncertain tone, like a reed shaken in the wind. "Hugh, I attended the theatre *once* in my life, and that *once* against my mother's will, and the single act of disobedience has cast a shade of sadness, mingled with deep regrets, over

my whole life, and though long ago, I dwell upon it, as if it were but yesterday.

I had just entered my eighteenth year, and was what might be called a wayward, thoughtless boy. My mother had been ill for some time, lingering between life and the grave. One morning I saw it announced that the theatre would be opened that evening. Meeting one of my companions, we talked of the theatre and actors, and concluded to go and see them. Night came, after tea I passed into my mother's room. Meeting my sister at the door, she asked, "Where are you going to-night, brother?" To the theatre. I replied, hurriedly, lest my mother should overhear me. My sister remonstrated, but I was determined. Never shall I forget the look of sorrow, and the emotion that trembled on her lips, as she said, "What if mother were to die to-night, brother, and *you* at the *theatre*?"

Mother overheard her, and called me to her side—laid her cold hand in mine, and looked up into my face with her bright eyes. They seemed brighter this evening, as if she had been gazing far above, and saw Heaven, half-revealed to her wondering gaze. "Stephen, do not go to-night," she said, "I am very ill. I feel that I am dying, my child, that in obedience to the will of God, my soul will ere long answer the summons. You will soon have no one to watch over you, but when I am gone, try to follow the instructions I have given when living. Soon with your sainted father, I will look down upon you from Heaven; and oh! if spirits freed can linger around the loved ones of earth, we will be with you. I feel that I have done a mother's duty, and have endeavored to rear you in the fear of God. I have pointed you to the right path, and trust you will follow it. On my death bed, Stephen, I feel confident that you will never betray my trust!"

I bowed my head, throbbing with pain,

but the refreshing tears came to my relief. I could not think of going to the theatre now, and receiving her gentle 'good-night,' retired to my room. I could not shut out the words of my mother. I laid down upon the bed with mingled feelings of sorrow and regret. The clock struck eight—the time I was to meet my companion at the theatre. The tempter was not yet fully vanquished. I heard a slight tap at the window pane. It was my companion.

"Hurry up, Steve," said he, "the curtains have risen before now—let's be off.

"I can't go," I stammered, reluctantly, as the memory of my mother's words came to me.

"Come along, none of that; what's the matter? Miss M—— will be there," he added in a lower tone, "so you must come along, she will expect you.

I forgot my dying mother, and found myself in the theatre. But oh! where was the pleasure I anticipated? That mournful face and sweet voice haunted me unceasingly. The words, "you've betrayed a mother's trust!" greeted me at every turn, and chilled my heart. In vain Miss M—— rallied me upon my sober looks. My companion when all was over took me by the arm and dragged me home. I started at every light, for my mother's eye seemed to beam so lovingly and yet sorrowfully from it. As we neared home I saw lights in my mother's chamber, and forms passing before the window. Oh! how terrible to my mind came the words of my sister: "*What if mother were to die and you at the theatre!*" Like Cain, my punishment was greater than I could bear. With a bowed head and guilty heart, I hurried in the house. I met my sister, as I entered. She threw her arm around me, and exclaimed, her bosom heaving with grief, "Oh! brother, what shall we do? Mother is DEAD!" Oh! the leaden weight that fell upon my heart. How bitterly I repented

going—but too late. "Before she died," continued my sister, "she sent me for you. She eagerly watched the door for your entrance. But no, you did not come. She turned her bright eyes and gazed upon me so imploringly. O! brother, how could I answer that mute enquiry. I hid my face and murmured through sobs and tears, *gone*. Falling back upon the pillow, she murmured as a white pallor overspread her face, "God forgive my child!" and has not spoken since."

Placing her hand in mine my sister led me to the bed-side of my lifeless mother. I clasped my arms around her, and pressed her cold cheeks to mine. As I pressed my burning lips to hers, I felt them move, and she slowly opened her eyes. I leaned sorrowing over her. She recognized me and faintly murmured as the death shadows again flitted across her pure white brow, "I forgive you!" No! no! I could not forgive myself.

CHAPTER II.

I left the roof that long had sheltered me, after the body of my mother had been placed in the grave. I must now struggle to earn my bread. I went to New York, hoping to find employment. Times were hard. I was turned from door to door. Oh! how desolate I felt. Sometimes I received a curse and then a blow. Dark thoughts would then come, and I would resolve to have money; but the form of my mother rose up before me,—her bright eyes beamed in all a mother's deep love and warm devotion, while she sadly murmured, "I feel confident, Stephen, that you will never betray my trust!" "Once, oh! once, mother!" I exclaimed, "but never, no never will again." And I bowed my head and wept. Then the sweet words "*I forgive you!*" stole in my burning soul, like the bright spring that bubbles up in some desert place.

and flows along the waste, bedewing the parching sand. I hurried on with stern resolves.

An undertaker's sign hung across my way. I asked for work.

"Be gone you lazy vagrant," was the reply.

The men laughed at my beggardly appearance. I could scarce keep back the hot tears that lingered in my eyes.

"You had better hire him," said one, "he'd make a first-rate hand to work among coffins, with that long face!"

I rushed from the place, as I heard their loud laugh. I found myself again in the street. It was near night, and I had not tasted food that day. I grew desperate as I felt the gnawings of appetite. The gas was blazing bright in the window of a bakery. How I longed for one of the tempting hot loaves, that lay there. I gazed upon them until hunger mastered me. I forgot my counsellor, my guide,—thrust my hand through, and seizing a loaf, hurried, thief-like along. But no, I could not eat it now, hunger was swallowed up in self-upbraidings—"You have betrayed a mother's trust!" seemed written upon the loaf in letters of breathing fire, scorching my very soul.

I sat down on the cold pavement and wept bitterly. The form of my sainted mother rose before me. Again she looked upon me with the same bright eyes, and said, "I feel confident, Stephen, that you will never betray my trust!"

I snatched the stolen bread and hurried back. The good man shed tears as I gave him the loaf and told my story. Wiping his eyes he said kindly, "Never mind my lad, keep it for your honesty!" "No, no, I am not honest—'tis my mother." He led me in the house, and seated me at the supper table. My mother didn't look sorrowful at me then. I felt she was smiling. I tried to tell him of my mother, but my

heart was too full. I told him I had searched in vain for work. "Just in time," said he eagerly, "my boy left to-day, and you may have his place."

I have kept my mother's counsels Hugh, and never betrayed her trust again, but wherever I turn, even now, that sweet face is before me, the bright eyes look in mine, and the soft voice says, "I feel confident Stephen, you will never betray my trust!" I weep again as olden memories come, but she comforts me with, "*I forgive you!*"

Dear reader, profit by the story of Uncle Stephen, follow the counsels of your mother and "Never betray her trust!"

"MOTHERS OF MEN."

BY BENJAMIN F. LANGFORD.

Mother of Man!—can there be sphere more holy!

In this fair world where mortals purer shine
Beneath the eyes of angels rests so slowly,

Than that glad one which is already thine?
Thou wouldst not wish to wander forth, with-
holding

Thy hallowed form from-home, like man each
hour,

Save with thy little ones, thus wisely molding
Their minds to own that loveliness is Power.

Mothers of men!—glad utterance, sweetly sound-
ing!

Which fondly names man's source of life and
birth;

All living Nature joyously abounding

With love, is echoing songs to "Mother Earth."
But would the violet outvie the oak,

Forget its fragrance and its fragile form?

Uplift its head to woo the lightning's stroke,

And, like that proud oak, battle with the storm,

Sister of man!—sweet home, thy sphere entrance
Man's soul beyond what strength and power
can bring;

But O, that home without soft woman's glances,
Would be a winter unreclaimed by spring!

A summer without blossoms to return

A grateful incense to the skies above;

Then envy not thy brother's sphere, nor burn

With aught less gentle than a sister's love!

Sisters of men!—repine not at that power

Which heavenly wisdom hath bestowed on
those
Who cherish ye, but soothingly restore
Their souls with sunny smiles midst pressing
woes!

Heaven formed ye not for strife—for mental fray,
Such as engage man's rugged, sterner soul;
O, sweetly shed around that softening ray
Which wins him back to Heaven, by love's
control.

Daughter of man!—who blesseth not thy sway,
The love itself of thy pure breast is power,
Which forceth man with all his stern array,
To own the triumphing domestic hour;—
When flushed with victory in art or arms,
With passions roused like ocean's stricken wa-
ters;

Resistless victors are the varied charms
Which grace wives, mothers, sisters, blushing
daughters.

Daughters of men!—earth's brightest galaxy!—
Soft buds of spring, which bless our wintry
way!—

Renounce that softness, and this life shall be
As dreary poles, without one sunny ray!
Breathe not regret that man hath strength to meet
The storms of life with more resistless arms;
For 'mid his cares and toils there's nought more
sweet,
More healing triumphs than a maiden's charms.

Partner of man!—it is already thine
To more than rule the mighty ones of earth,
Who will not own thy mission is divine,
Passed modestly beside thy quiet hearth?
Not in man's turmoil—not in strife abroad,
The voice of Nature woman's sphere allots;
But as the chosen instrument of God—
Nurses of Nations!—mothers of Patriots.

Partners of men!—long cherished be your faces,
Glad be the hearts now throbbing by your side;
Hushed be the tongue of him who never traces
What nations owe ye, in their strength and
pride!

Partners of men!—behold ye not before ye,
A power more potent than the warrior's sword?
In guiding youth to paths which shall restore ye
Time-honored sons—a mother's best reward!
Oliver Bronck.

A PARENT'S CARE AND ANXIETY.

How often is the parent's heart oppressed
and overburdened by thoughts and fears re-
specting the future of his dear children. Will
they be left orphans and friendless in this cold
and selfish world? Or, if provided for in case
of death, will the money be lost by others, or
wasted by themselves? Will they be pious or

wicked—live useful or useless lives. Will
their pilgrimage be a pleasant and joyous one,
or will sorrow and anguish follow them to the
grave? And how about the great unbending
future? Will they be happy forever in heaven
or miserable beyond endurance in perdition?

These are indeed weighty questions, and
neither family, wealth, or influence can remove
these parental cares and anxieties. Riches
may only sink your children deeper in perdi-
tion. Friends only lead them the farther as-
tray; while their many accomplishments may
only increase their misery. Depend upon it,
nothing can avail for them but sincere, heart-
felt piety; nor aught can relieve you of your
fears but a firm and unshaken trust in God.—
This, then, is what you need; this is all that
you can desire.

Commit them, then, to the care of their
Heavenly Father; and labor by precept and
example to "train them up in the way they
should go;" and success will assuredly crown
your efforts. As Christians, they can live
above the world even while they sojourn in it,
for

"No changes of season or place,
Can make any change in their mind."

The loss of every cent you or they may pos-
sess—the failure of health, the death or es-
trangement of near and dear friends—neither,
nor all of these things shall be able to rob
them of one *enduring* pleasure, or deprive
them of one hour's real happiness, but in every
situation in life they can sing.

"While blessed with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

If, then, parents, you have any real love for
your children, educate them for eternity. Care
more for their never-dying souls than for their
perishing bodies; see that they secure "*the
pearl of great price*," which will prove to them
an *unfailing* source of happiness and wealth,
and will be the "*one thing* needful," to obtain
them an admittance to heaven itself.—*Episco-
pal Recorder.*

It is comfortable, says Philip Henry, to
reflect upon an affliction borne patiently, an
enemy heartily forgiven, and a Sabbath
sanctified uprightly.

PRECOCITY.—The precocity of American children is proverbial. *Children* did we say? It was a slip of the pen. There are no children now-a-days. We have infants and ladies and gentlemen, but the term children is obsolete, only being used by that antiquated class of individuals, styled "old fogies." Recently an urchin, in one of our Public Schools, went up to his teacher and confidently whispered that a certain other scholar, a boy of about seven or eight, had "got a love letter," and was reading it on his desk. On looking at the scholar, the worthy instructress did perceive that he had something or other before him, and was striving to conceal it. An order to bring whatever it might be up to the desk, was blushing and very unwillingly complied with. It proved to be a veritable love letter, written by a girl of nearly the same tender years, on a piece of letter paper, folded and cut into note size, and in a large round hand. Just think of a child of eight years inditing a note "To my husband!" Whither are we tending?

CORRECT SPEAKING.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing, and to abandon as early as possible any use of slang words and phrases. The longer they live the more difficult the acquisition of such language will be; and if the golden age of youth, the proper season for the acquisition of language, be past in its abuse, the unfortunate victim of neglected education is very probably doomed to talk slang for life. Money is not necessary to procure this education.—Every man has it in his power. He has merely to use the language which he reads instead of the slang which he hears; to form his taste from the best speakers, and poets of the country; to treasure up choice phrases in his memory, and habituate himself to their use—avoiding at the same time that pedantic precision and bombast, which show rather the weakness of a vain ambition than the polish of an educated mind.

Editor's Port-Folio.

THE MOTHER A TEACHER.

"I have so many household cares and duties," says one mother, "that I have no time to devote to the instruction of my children, and even if I had time, I am not qualified to teach them." Yes, but whether qualified or not, you are still their teacher. Teach them you must and teach them you will. The Sabbath School, and the Seminary, may be valuable auxiliaries, but after all you will be their principal educator.—If thoughtless and unguarded you may teach them lessons, which you will afterwards have occasion to wish were unlearned. The tone, the look, the manner, the general drift of conversation are all making indelible impressions, and entering into the formation of character. If the cost of living, the prices of articles of apparel, if expenses, and losses and gains, engross the conversation of the fireside, "the tables of the money changers," will be erected in those little hearts, whose early years should be given to "Nature's sweet affections and to God." If the visitor who is welcomed with cordial smiles and friendly greeting is spoken of after his departure, in a tone of detraction, they will learn a lesson of hypocrisy and deceit, which many formal lectures on the importance of truth and sincerity will not efface. If the questions, what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithall shall we be clothed, occupy your whole attention, your children will be

taught that provision for the body is more important than provision for the soul. If they see you more solicitous to cultivate the acquaintance of the wealthy and fashionable, who are worldly and irreligious, than of the excellent and pious, who, with equal claims to cultivation and refinement, have been less favored of fortune, they will be taught that religion is *not* the one thing needful, that moral worth does *not* present the highest claim for respect and esteem.—How can a child, reared under the influence of such instructions, form an elevated and reliable character? When the fruits of these teachings shall appear in after life, they will be bitter, Oh! so bitter to the parent who is unfortunate enough to live to see them ripen.

A fact has recently come to our knowledge which illustrates very forcibly the evils resulting from neglect of parental control, and also the manner in which God visits the iniquity of the father's upon the children to the third and fourth generation.—A girl just entering her sixteenth year sought a home among strangers, preferring the place of a servant in another's family, to the place of a daughter in her own, though her father owns a good farm, and is in very comfortable circumstances. Those who received her, soon learned from her remarks that she had a great dread of going home, and inferred, that from some cause, that home was unhappy. Knowing how many homes are desolated by the demon of intemperance, the lady intimated a suspicion that its blight had fallen upon hers.

"No," she replied, "my father does not drink, but he has such a temper, that there is no peace in the house, and we are often afraid of our lives. Mother has received many an angry blow, to screen her children, and it is her wish that we should go from

home just as soon as we can earn a living for ourselves."

"You have then a kind mother?"

"Yes, but she is so afraid of father, that she cannot do as she would; she lives in continual fear, lest in his fits of anger, he should kill some of his children. When the boy's are out in the field with him she trembles all the while, and really expects to see some of them brought in dead. It is a great relief to her, when she can get any of us beyond his reach."

"Is he not kind and affectionate in the intervals of passion?"

"No, when not angry, he is peevish and fretful, never has any enjoyment himself, nor seems willing that any body else should have any."

This was a dark picture, and the lady for whom it was drawn, desired to know the antecedents of a man who was thus the dread and terror of his family. It was not long before she learned some facts, concerning his early training, from one who had known him in his childhood. His parents were reputed to be very estimable people in the neighborhood in which they lived, but having the misfortune to lose all their children except this son, they treated him with unlimited indulgence. His evil passions instead of being checked and restrained by salutary discipline, were permitted to grow with his growth, and strengthen with his years, until they obtained a complete mastery over him. At a very early age, his parents lost all control of him, and though from their very retired situation he was saved from falling into those habits of dissipation which would have brought him to an early grave, yet he only lived to be a torment to himself and others.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken,
By their deep insidious power.

Our hearts are still cheered by revival intelligence from almost every direction.—The Spirit of God seems hovering, not only over the land, but also over the bosom of the mighty deep. Almost every ship which enters our ports has a revival on board, and in some instances whole crews have been converted. Some persons seem to think that this Universal awakening is an indication that the Millenium is about to commence. Whether this be so or not, we have reason to hope and pray that the tide of worldliness and irreligion will be effectually checked by the accession of such large recruits to Immanuel's army, that the standard of piety will be raised, and that the advantage, now gained will not be lost till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

"There is a youth, half boy, half man, often at the elbow of his beautiful sister, following her footsteps, and shyly, but with his whole heart, proffering some services. Does not the boy man feel the attractions of a charming girl, albeit she is his sister, in addition to the ties of relationship? If she is not tyrannical or selfish, the accomplished sister is an attractive object to a younger brother. Reward his awkward assiduities by approving looks and words, brilliant girl, and you will greatly attach him to yourself. Give him innocent pleasure, and bind him by a silken, but strong cord, to innocence and virtue."

We hope parents will carefully consider the views expressed by Mrs. French, in her article for the present No., entitled, "Are we just to our daughters?" To us they seem to contain practical wisdom, and sound philosophy.

Book Notices.

THE LITTLE PREACHER; OR FIVE SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.—BY UNCLE CHARLES. Southern Baptist Publication Society,

We have just received a work bearing the above title, with several others recently issued by the same enterprising house. They are designed for the use of Sabbath Schools, and will form a very valuable addition to our Sunday School literature. The Little Preacher discourses in a very instructive manner, and in a style so attractive that it cannot fail to be read, and to make a deep impression.

Uncle Charles seems to possess a rare faculty for imparting instruction to the little folks, in a way to please and interest them. The book had scarcely been in the house twenty-four hours, when we took it up to examine it, and after having read it through, thinking it would be a rich treat to the children, we called their attention to it, and advised them to read it.—Our advice was late; they had already made the acquaintance of the Little Preacher, and could tell us every thing he had said. We regard it as a great privilege to be able to place such writings as those of Uncle Charles in the hands of our children. We feel that he is a safe guide to the youthful mind. Long may he live to bless the world through his influence over the rising generation.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF HENRY T. WIMBERLY.—
By UNCLE CHARLES.

The same author has given us, in the above named work, a portrait of a character so lovely and so estimable, that it cannot be contemplated by the young without awakening a desire of imitation. No reading is more valuable for young persons, than the faithful biography of those who been eminent for piety and virtue. Its influence is the same in kind, and but little inferior in degree, to intimate personal acquaintance with the same characters.

Uncle Charles has performed a good work, in placing such a character in so attractive a light, before the eyes of our children and youth. To mothers also, this sketch is suggestive of many important thoughts. The life and character of Wimberly afford a striking example of the beneficial results of maternal faithfulness.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN EVERY BAPTIST CHURCH.—By REV. BASIL MANLY, JR.

This is a powerful appeal in behalf of Sunday Schools. No real christian, it seems to us, can read it, without feeling that he has some responsibility in regard to the great work of Sabbath School instruction. The name of the Author alone, would be a sufficient warrant that the work is written with ability. We quote a single passage, and we select this one because we think it contains a thought which it would be well if every Church member would carefully consider.

"There is this peculiarity about our denomination,—that we can all act through individual churches. We have no central power, no supreme authoritative judicatory on earth, no power of one mind swaying all, and giving unity, and consencration, and persistency to our plans and efforts. If our churches are faithful, and spiritual, and active, and self-

sacrificing, we have immense power; if not, we are weaker than the weakest. Now, for one, I thank God that He has appointed for his church just such an organization, so that when it ceases to be animated by a holy and spiritual energy, the right arm of its strength withers and forgets its cunning: when it is no longer held together by the cohesive principle of Christ's redeeming love, it drops inevitably asunder. I am glad that our church is so constituted that when it loses the vital power of godliness it loses all power; and does not, by the mere strength of its organization, endure as a corpse, destitute of life, corrupt and corrupting; or rush forward as a steam engine which has lost its engineer but not its force, sweeping resistlessly on, and carrying destruction in its track."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS UPON THE DOCTRINES AND DUTIES OF RELIGION, WITH APPROPRIATE TEXTS AND HYMNS.—By REV. E. T. WINKLER.

This work is well adapted to the instruction of primary classes in Sunday Schools. It is divided into fifty-two lessons, one for every Sabbath in the year. Some one important doctrine or duty of the Bible is made the topic of each lesson, and this is illustrated in a very clear and forcible manner. Then follows a series of questions on the same topic, the answers to which are a recapitulation of what has been previously taught, and the lesson closes with a hymn appropriate to the subject. Proof texts on every topic are given in an appendix at the close. This book, together with those before mentioned, may be had on application to the Southern Baptist Publication Society, Charleston, S. C. Price of the Question Book, 15 cts., that of the plea for Sunday Schools, 20 cts. Prices of the other two not given.